

Sports Illustrated

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If you don't believe us and if you doubt the authenticity of ancient frescoes reproduced above, splash a little Bacchus on yourself. Then go out and conquer your own empire.

BACCHUS

After-shave.
THE CONQUEROR.

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THE METS AND CUBS fight for first again amid speculation that New York may already have the best pitching staff ever. A jury of famed baseball names examines the claim.

ROUGHING IT the easy way is the style of three million U.S. families with motor into the vacation season with camping vehicles. Robert Hand-ville paints choice companies.

THE REAL MCCOY is a phrase today, but 30 years ago it was the name of a world-famed fighter whose career as champion, playboy and actor ended with jewel theft and murder.

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BOOKTALK

Two more volumes bear witness to the miracle that was 1968's winning Mets

It is pretty obvious, even to one of his closest aides, that John Lindsay owes his reelection as mayor of New York last November to the fact that the Mets won the World Series a month earlier. The whole of professional baseball has a special debt to this team as well as its realization of the impossible dream, coming as it did in the first year of the new major league playoff system, made the first two-division World Series one of the most memorable ever.

It is both fitting and inevitable that books should be published to celebrate such uncommon influence, and several have. One came along in paperback form soon after the fact, like the Warren Report. Now several more are here, including two by longtime New York sportswriters: Joseph Durese's *Amazing*, subtitled *The Miracle of the Mets* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95), and Leon and Shacter's *Once Upon the Polo Grounds*, subtitled *The Mets That Were* (Dial, \$3.95). Both books bear out faithfully the dictum of Pope Eugenius III that all works dealing with *regalia* should be subtitled.

A line aspect of the miracle was that it happened in New York, but the best part was not what the Mets did but who they did it to. In true sense, the winning of the playoff against Atlanta and the winning of the Series against Baltimore were anticlimactic, for to reach these pinnacle the Mets had to come from 9½ games behind to eight games ahead, and in doing so the Mets passed the Cubs. And the Cubs were managed by Leo Durocher, who was manager of the pennant-winning Dodgers in 1941, and manager of the pennant-winning Giants in 1951 and 1954, before both these clubs left the town.

Put it into perspective for yourself. Suppose the Mets had passed the Cardinals the way they passed the Cubs. How many anti-Schoendienst signs can you think up? How could you put up a sign saying EAT YOUR HEART OUT, RED? Technically, it doesn't even say EAT YOUR HEART OUT, LEO! Ah! There's something

It was the poet Elder Olson who pointed out that knights of yore were successful in rescuing fair damsels in distress mainly because of punctual dragons. Leo was the dragon in '69. He wasn't always punctual, but he was there in time for the Mists.

Both Shelter and Dursio focus on this part of the Met miracle in their books, and—perhaps not so strangely—those focuses are the high points in each volume. This is interesting, because each book takes a different approach: Dursio, who covered the Mets for *The New York Times* last season, understandably concentrates on the 1969 campaign; Shelter, who used to cover them for the *New York Post*, attempts to zero in on

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BOOKTALK *revisited*

the team's first two seasons in the league—1962 and 1963—when they still inhabited the old Polo Grounds.

Quas assignment, Dursio probably has the best of it. His book, in the main, reflects the Mets when they won. Shacter attempts to associate things at the end with the way they were at the beginning, and as a result, deft though his typewriter be, he fights uphill. One might as well expect a book, instead, in the wake of Richard Nixon's victorious campaign for the presidency, telling it like it was when, six years earlier, he lost to Pat Brown for governor of California. A habitual underdog once wired a scheme to Wilson Mimer and asked, "Are you with me?" "I am with you if you win," Mimer wired back. There is indeed no substitute for victory. And, in truth, the losing Mets and the Polo Grounds were never made for each other. Real Met history is situated in Shea Stadium—as, for example, the doubleheader with the Giants that began at 1:06 p.m. on May 31, 1964 and concluded at 11:25 that night, the pilot of a TWA plane, shuttling between nearby LaGuardia and Washington, saw it, coming and going, eight times. The Polo Grounds always belonged to the Giants, and vice versa. The tears fell not when the Mets quit the place in 1963, but when the Giants left in 1957. They were shed for the shadows of great players, not for clowns.

Both books tend to make every Met a philosopher, win or lose. In the bad days of 1963 there was Marv Throneberry, quoted by Shacter: "What the hell is positive thinking? What good does it do to think you're going to do something when you know damn well you're not?" Or, in the giddy pennant-bound moments of 1969, Ed Charles, who had been writing the story of his life as a penniless Southern Negro and now was reading *Parsons's Complaint*, quoted by Dursio: "It's like going from Manhattan to New Jersey by way of the Verazano Bridge. It's part of your education."

And both books treat liberally of the fan-held banners that have become the hallmark of Met home games. For some reason, which is not to the discredit of the authors, neither book singles out my particular favorite. It appeared in the fourth game of the World Series, when Ron Swoboda, not known for defense, made his incredible game-saving catch off Brooks Robinson. "Catch" may not be quite the word for it: more correctly, it was an indecent meeting between a ball hit by one man and a glove attached to another. And just after it was over—while 50 million Americans across the nation were being treated to the first of a dozen instant replays—a man in left field at Shea held up a hand-lettered sign. One word. *ROUBINE*.

—CHARLES EISENSTEIN

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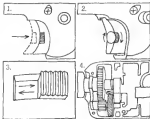
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AMERICAN EXPRESS

FOR PEOPLE WHO TRAVEL

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

THE TURMOIL OF THE TIMES

The student council at San Diego State voted 12-10 to cancel a game next fall with Brigham Young. The football squad voted 51-9 to play the game. The question eventually will be settled either by a student referendum or by the school's president. Meantime, a football player and Navy veteran named Bill Pierson became a controversial figure on campus because he would not let the American flag be lowered during an anti-war demonstration. He stood by the flagpole for three hours, defying a group of protesters, none of whom chose to challenge him (Pierson is 6' 3", weighs 250 pounds and has been drafted by the New York Jets). He said later, "I was born under that flag. I fought for that flag, and I'm going to college today because of what it represents. No one is going to desecrate it as long as I can defend and protect it."

Nonetheless, the flag was lowered to half mast the next day, whereupon Pierson criticized the college administration, saying, "There are a lot of us who are fed up with the silly business of an administration letting a small group of radicals push around more than 20,000 students. I have worked hard for five years to get my degree in business administration and I was due to graduate in June. Now we are told we are likely to lose credits because we cannot get in the required hours of classroom work. We are taking an academic whipping from a handful of people a lot of us have absolutely no use for."

Three thousand miles away, at Hobart College in upstate New York, more than 90 athletes (Hobart has 1,100 undergraduates) signed a petition suggesting that "collegiate sport has become an integral part of American life . . . and suspension of it would further serve the cause of awakening the American people to the folly of our present military expansion in Southeast Asia. The world of sport is not immune to the national student strike." Seventeen mem-

bers of Princeton's varsity baseball squad issued a somewhat milder anti-war statement which they distributed to spectators at their games. It said, "There is much misunderstanding and perhaps indignation about what is occurring on the nation's college campuses today. We are interested in doing whatever we can to dispel these confusions. We would like to talk to you. . . ."

WATCH ON THE WORLD CUP

News continues cheerful all over the place. Reports from Mexico say that Latin-American guerrillas, who have done such a brisk trade in kidnapping and occasionally killing prominent hostages, have their eyes on Pelé, Brazil's preeminent soccer star. Pelé is in Guanajuato, training for the World Cup matches that will be held in Mexico City in June. Mexican police have put security guards in hotels, training sites and other areas the athletes frequent, with special attention being paid to Pelé, who should be used to crowds by now.

BLEW IT AGAIN

Given two choices, the International Olympic Committee can be guaranteed, money-back, to make the wrong one. Offered four or more choices, as its 73 members were last week in Amsterdam, there is no way the IOC can fail to louse up at least two. Which is what this near-fossilized example of the two-generation gap managed to do. The IOC picked Montreal and Denver as sites for the 1976 Olympic Games when it should have picked Los Angeles and Vancouver.

Recreiminations from an overconfident Russian delegation aside (it claimed that Moscow, a late bidder for the Summer Games, lost out to a North American conspiracy and a vote dictated by narrow-minded Western politics), the IOC named two obviously less well prepared cities to handle what are the world's most demanding sports organizational jobs. Montreal and Denver are wonderful places to visit but you would hardly want

to run or swim or ski there when Los Angeles and Vancouver are available.

For the Summer Games, Los Angeles offered much the best facilities for both sporting venues and hotel accommodations, as well as a \$40 million TV contract that could have done a lot toward filling the IOC's traditionally lean bank account. But LA's bid was perhaps too persistent, too characteristic of the high-pressure U.S. salesmanship that often irritates rather than convinces.

As for the Winter Games, Vancouver's actual site, Garibaldi, is 75 miles north of the city and isolated much in the manner of Squaw Valley, which was by a couple of space shots the last really good location for a Winter Olympics. There, in a radius of 2.5 miles, Garibaldi contains absolutely every facility for winter sports, including the Olympic Village. But Vancouver was a victim of Montreal; the site for the Summer Games was selected first and one nation is not going to get both Olympics in one year. So Denver, despite such flaws as its mile-high altitude and venues 40 miles apart, won by default.

The IOC has failed again. Who says the world is changing?

CASTLES IN THE AIR

The Phillies, the Pirates and the Reds all expected to move into shiny new stadiums this year, but it is beginning to look as though all three may be at the same rickety old stand until next season. A construction strike in Philadelphia that began May 1 has caused the Phils, who had hoped to play their first game in the new park on July 24, to print tickets for old Connie Mack Stadium for the rest of the season. "We still hope to get into the new stadium before the season ends," says a Phillie official, "but unless the strike ends soon our chances will be slim to none." The Pirates had May 29 as their latest target date, but construction of the Pittsburgh arena has been delayed by everything from political shenanigans to racial demonstrations to, not one, but a series of strikes (including that of the ready-mix concrete drivers, which stopped work on ramps, sidewalks and service roads). Originally, the stadium was supposed to be ready for Opening Day; now it is a question whether it will be finished before the football season.

As for the Reds, they not only expected to be in their new park by mid-

continued

One of the children



GRADE

2

MISS BRITZ

JANUARY, 1970

in this class has epilepsy. Can you tell which one?



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FLIGHT

SCORECARD continued

summer, they planned on staging the All-Star Game there on July 14. Technically, it would be possible to put on the game even though the stadium will not be completely finished—but the Reds would have to move out again right afterwards and the effort and expense of training an entire stadium crew for one big show is prohibitive. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn says May 30 will be the day when the decision will be made whether to keep the game in Cincy or shift it to Atlanta. Right now, Atlanta has a lock on it.

IT'LL NEVER CATCH ON

If next winter you get tired of hearing skiers boasting about difficult schusses down precipitous slopes, tell them about Yuichiro Miura. Miura, a Japanese, skied down Mount Everest a couple of weeks ago, most of the way on one ski (he lost the other en route). He attained a speed of 93.6 mph during his two-mile dash (Everest's peak is nearly six miles above sea level, Miura started at an altitude of 24,418 feet) and was saved from plunging into a crevasse by small parachutes he was wearing as stabilizers.

What was that you were saying about Al's Run at Taos?

STAR PERFORMANCE

Most pro football fans had to wait until Friday, May 22, to see Ed Sabol's 1970 Super Bowl film on national TV but Kansas City fans—or an elite corps of them—got to see a preview last week. It was quite a show. Before the Super Bowl, Sabol and his son Steve got KC Coach Hank Stram to let them wire him for sound and do close-up filming of him during the game. The result is that Stram is the star of the production. He strides the sidelines like a conquering sea captain pacing the deck of his ship. He orders Len Dawson to keep using short passes because using them is "like stealing." When the Chiefs recover a kickoff, he says, "Here it comes, boys, the 65 toss power trap," in anticipation of the touchdown Mike Garrett promptly scores. At one point he comments, "Their defense is running around like a Chinese fire drill." At another he shouts, "Keep naticulating that ball down the field, Lenny." He berates officials, jaw to jaw, demanding, "How could all six of you miss that play?"

The Sabols had not asked Commissioner Pete Rozelle for permission to

wire Stram, and at the premiere Rozelle said, "I guess they were afraid I'd say no." Would he have? "I don't know," Rozelle admitted. "I do know that wiring Stram added a dimension to the film."

Stram himself was thoughtful about the results. "There is a mystique about pro football that helps account for its popularity," he said. "Part of that derives from the fact that fans don't actually know what goes on down there, what coaches tell players, what they say to officials, what players and officials reply. I'm not sure this film won't destroy some of that mystique. I suppose it's all right for a onetime thing, but I don't think it should be done very often."

MR. METRO SPEAKS

Charlie Metro, manager of the Kansas City Royals, thinks baseball should alter its traditional high, square base. "They beveled the edges of home plate to reduce the chances of players catching their spikes," says Metro, "and the bases are even worse. Why can't they be rounded off and recessed slightly into the ground?" Charlie also believes rosters are too large. "I think 25 players are too many. There's no way you can use them all, and the ones sitting on the bench are always dissatisfied. I don't blame them. Nobody likes to sit. If you had only 21 players, everybody would get plenty of work. And it would force us to do a better job of managing. We'd have to conserve our pinch hitters, go longer with our starters, save our relief men until they were really needed. It would make more players available for the weaker teams, and I don't think it would hurt the general caliber of play at all."

THEY SAID IT

• **Richie Allen**, St. Louis Cardinal slugger and horseman, on artificial playing surfaces: "If a horse can't eat it, then I don't like it."

• **Buzzie Bavasi**, San Diego Padre president and former Dodger general manager, on his club's low attendance to date: "You can't fool the people here. They've got too much else they can do. You have to give them some entertainment. They want a winner. Heck, in Los Angeles, 20,000 people would show up at the park accidentally, just to see what the lights were about." **END**

GM

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REVENGE CAN BE SOUR

Marty Liquori defeated Kip Keino for the first time in the Martin Luther King Games, avenging the humiliating loss he suffered last winter, but sweet it wasn't as the Kenyan gave up in the stretch **by SKIP MYSLIENSKI**

Waiting in his room, Marty Liquori tried not to think about Kipchoge Keino and the race they would run in four hours. He leafed through Francis Bacon's essay, *Of Revenge*, reading out loud: "That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come." But he couldn't forget the evening four months back when Keino had humiliated him in the mile at the Philadelphia Track Classic.

Later that afternoon he would get his pride back, beating Keino over 1,500 meters at the Martin Luther King Games in Villanova, Pa., but now he was still, in his words, "brckin'." You know, he's the only miler of any repute that I haven't beaten. The recent great ones—[Bodo] Tummier, [Jürgen] May, [Jim] Ryun and Keino—well, I've beaten three of them. Now I want four of a kind. That's a hard hand to beat."

Liquori's father walked in. He held up a bandaged thumb. "Bowled a three-game series of 640," he said. "With a bad thumb."

"Great," said Marty.

His father talked about bowling for 15 minutes. Outside, in the hall, his mother sat alone. "I can't stand to be with Marty on days of races," she said. "He's just so wound up, and I'm scared to death." When his father left, Liquori watched an old Army movie on television—the same one he had seen, on another channel, the night before.

Last week was a strange one for Marty Liquori. Faced again with the specter of Keino, he became more intense, testier.

"He's on edge," said his Villanova teammate, Dick Buerkle. "I've never seen him like this." "It's the fear of losing," Liquori said. "It's the loss of face. It's not so much wanting to beat Kipchoge Keino. It's my not wanting Marty Liquori to be embarrassed." Rather than spending early afternoons hitting short irons, as is his habit, he lay quietly in bed reading or just thinking. Tuesday night he dreamed not only of Keino but of all five Kenyans who would be at the meet. They were running races with their hands clasped behind their heads, smiling, showing everyone just how easy it is. Even while practicing, Liquori couldn't get Keino out of his mind. Striding through quarters, he would imagine the race. "I'd try not to think of it," he said, "but a kept popping into my mind. I'd think of relaxing, striding, then lifting and exploding. I'd run these imaginary races. I'd come off the last corner, lift, pass Keino—and always win."

Keino, on the other hand, seemed bored; he visited friends, walked the streets of Philadelphia. He and his compatriots went to visit Muhammad Ali. "He taught us how to box," said Keino. "We taught him how to run."

He performed a Kenyan version of the Ali Shuffle—something on the order of Fred Astaire trying to do the Funky Chicken.

Mornings, Keino would disappear, then just as quickly reappear. He was, actually, on a sense trip. He would be up at 6 "to run a couple of miles around the banks. Got to be early. The first one up gets fresh air." He would

eat at coffee shops ("Service is too slow in the hotel"), frown at the sound of a truck jouncing through a chuckhole ("Not so much noise in Kenya"), giggle at a girl dodging cars as she crossed the street ("Form doesn't count. She's running for her life"), dismiss *The New York Times* ("Too heavy"), Cardin suits ("Too many buttons"), American ties ("Too wide") and French after-shave lotion ("Ugh, that's for girls").

Thursday he visited Germantown High School and finally had to talk track and the coming race.

"What do you think about running against Marty Liquori Saturday?" a student asked.

Keino smiled. "Oh, I don't care." The kids laughed, and Keino held up his hand. "It's O.K. It's O.K. I don't think there will be trouble."

"Will he give you more competition than Jim Ryun?" another student asked.

"In top-flight competition, you know, everyone is going to be good. But . . ."

He was unworried, and later that day explained why. "You see," he said, "I feel when I go to run in a race my main ambition is to take part in the competition. The race is there. I'm mentally and physically fit. I'm not going to worry. Why worry? I get an invitation to a race. I accept it. That means I'm ready."

"Now, who eventually wins is certainly a great man. I always have the de-

enounced

As they head for the tape, Liquori bursts by the fleeing Keino, whose enigmatic grin led to angry looks and some furious words.



*"DON'T
QUIT,
DAMMIT!"*





termination to win. I try to be the best. But if someone else wins, I have to resign myself to that. What am I to do? I can't stop him from winning. I can't grab him and hold him. If I give everything in me, how can I be unhappy? You have to lose sometimes. You may be top today. But tomorrow it's not going to be as today. You can't expect to win all the time. You have to be a madman to think that."

Liquori, for one, was having nothing to do with Keino coming for any other reason than to win. "They wouldn't let him out of the country if he weren't in good shape," he said. Friday afternoon he walked into the locker room; a newspaper story headlined KEINO OUT TO SHOW LIQUORI WHO'S NO. 1 was posted on the bulletin board. Liquori ripped it off, read it, then dropped it on the floor. The story had mentioned that last month Keino had run a 3:37.5 in the 1,500 (equivalent to a 3:54.5 mile). Liquori's best mile this year was a 4:03 relay leg. A minute later someone reposted the clipping. Liquori ripped it off again, dropped it on the floor and stepped on it. "No need for that," he said.

He didn't finally relax until that night. At dinner with his girl he ate a filet, sipped a Beaujolais—in *Le Reine Pédagogue*—and topped it off with a chocolate parfait. "Keino's attitudes, his actions, man, I tell you, they're weird," he said. "He comes from a different side of the world. A side that's unknown to us. We don't know how his mind works. We don't know his ambitions or motives or philosophies. We can't even begin to understand him. It may have nothing to do with races you run against him. But still you wonder. The apprehension. He doesn't do the logical things that we expect. I have to think he really doesn't know what he's doing. Running's something that comes so easily to him. It bugs me that we have to work so hard for something that seems to just come to him. It does no good worrying about it. But before I run him sometimes I just lie in bed and think how nice it would be to have been born at altitude."

Saturday's race wasn't to be at altitude, so everything was considered even. "Even, hell," Liquori said. "He'll

be able to run those first three laps on a cloud." Keino's teammates weren't so sure. He had been scheduled to run the anchor leg in the two-mile relay, which would take place more than an hour and a half before the 1,500. Keino warmed up in a far corner of the field. Naftali Bon, Kenya's top half-miler, walked up to him. "Kip," Bon said, "we don't think you should run."

"Why?" Keino said.

"Well," Bon said, "you will have to run fast in the 1,500. You are too old to run two races."

"What?" Keino looked at his teammate in disbelief. "Too old?"

"We think it would be good for you not to run," Bon said with finality.

Liquori was told that Keino was out of the relay. "It wouldn't make any difference one way or the other," he said.

Keino watched as the relay team won in a so-so 7:19. "They kicked me off," he said. "They wanted their own team." He was impassive until the splits were announced. Twenty-four-year-old Charles Asati, the lead-off man, had a 1:51. "I could do that," 30-year-old Kip Keino said. "I could do 1:51. And it would have been a nice warmup."

Leaving for his final warmup, Liquori told a friend, "Keep me loose on the turns." The friend nodded, then walked over to Liquori's girl.

"How is he?" she asked.

"It'll be a good race," he said.

"I don't want a good race," she said. "I want a winner."

For three-quarters, it looked as though she would be disappointed. Keino lagged through the first turn, then shot to the lead. At the quarter he was 10 yards ahead of Liquori, by the half the lead was 30 yards.

"That's his typical trick," Liquori thought. "He's got to come back. Just keep your own pace, baby."

At the 660 Keino had looked back, and Liquori was no closer. But by the gun he was 20 yards behind. "He's coming back," Liquori thought. "But I'm getting tight. This isn't going to depend on speed. It'll be who's strongest."

As they came up the backstretch, Keino looked again. "I'm still here," Liquori thought. He stared at Keino, and their eyes met. "And I'm coming."

In the final turn Keino looked a third time. "That's it," Liquori thought as they came off the corner. "I have him. He's dead."

Keino was in the second lane, so Liquori moved in. Then, curiously, Keino pulled up some 50 yards from the finish, turned, looked Liquori in the eye and smiled. He was a defeated man. His strength had faded. He had nothing left.

"That son of a gun," Liquori muttered. Then he yelled at Keino, "Don't quit, dammit." He, too, slowed to a jog, finishing in 3:42.6, with Keino more than a second behind. Asati, Bon and Robert Ouko, Keino's teammates, stood amazed. "He's in shape," Ouko muttered. "In good shape. I don't know what happened. We wanted to give him the race. We told him he couldn't run the relay so he would do well here. Then this."

Keino put his hand on Liquori's shoulder. "Good. Well done," he said.

"Let's take a lap together," Liquori suggested. Keino declined, then took one himself. He was as mysterious in losing as he is in winning.

"What happened? I don't know what he was asked."

"Something," Keino said.

"Did you misjudge the finish?"

"No."

"Did you let him win?"

"No comment."

"Did you feel you were running alone when you were so far ahead?"

"I was running others. You know, it was a good race. Only one man can win."

Liquori bristled when it was suggested that Keino might have let him win. "He's not a competitor," Liquori said. "He doesn't run against people. He runs against himself. He's done it before. He'll do it again. When he feels he's beaten, he quits."

"Some people think he didn't want to win," a reporter said.

"If he didn't want to win, he wouldn't have come here," Liquori snapped back.

With that, Liquori went to his room to uncork a bottle of Taylor's pink champagne. He poured some for his family, for his girl and for himself. "Now there's no one walking around that I haven't beaten at least once," Liquori said. "I'm happy. But it's too early to think I've conquered everything."

He reached over, picked up his dog-eared copy of *American and English Essays* and turned again to Bacon. "Like the man wrote," Liquori said, "They do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. The race is already past. And, now, the future." **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER ROSS JR.

Moments after defeating Keino by 11 yards in a 1,500 (the equivalent of a 3:55 mile), Liquori is still all steamed up.

A PREAKNESS WITH PERSONALITY

The colt that Hirsch Jacobs said was his best a few days before he died finally won a Triple Crown event for the family stable, and even the losers at Pimlico could feel pretty good about that **by WHITNEY TOWER**

From the beginning last week's 95th Preakness was an affair of considerable sentiment. There was the show-biz sentiment that for more than a year now has enveloped Silent Screen, his owner Sonny Werblin and the loud and flashy entourage that trails this team around. There was the feeling inspired by a comparatively new Kentucky combination made up of big-game hunter Robert Lehmann, his sideburned handsome trainer Don Combs and their \$6,500 colt Dust Commander, who had startled the racing world by winning the Kentucky Derby. And there was the aura of respect and affection that all U.S. racegoers feel for the family of the late Hirsch Jacobs. Jacobs died three months ago after having saddled more winners, 3,596, than any trainer in history.

This distinction always had one flaw as it, for although the Jacobs trophy room was filled with hundreds of cups, plates and assorted hardware, Hirsch had never fashioned a victory in the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont Stakes. A week before he died Jacobs called his 35-year-old son John to his bedside and told him "Don't worry about the gray [High Echelon]. He'll win his share. The real horse for us in 1970 will be Personality."

The day before the Preakness, when some 200 turfmen, the press and Pimlico management gathered at breakfast to discuss the race, a moment of silence was observed in honor of the late master. That evening his widow Ethel, his pretty blonde daughter Patrice and sons Tommy and John attended a track dinner dance. As they sat at their corner table, dozens of well-wishers came by to say hello. More than half wished them luck and really meant it.

On Saturday Hirsch Jacobs would have been proud of his clan, particularly of his son John, now the Jacobs trainer, and of his special colt, Personality, a son of the Jacobses' own stallion Hail to Reason and their alltime favorite race-

mare Affectionately. For at the end of this dramatic second classic of 1970, there was Personality, under a furious and effective ride by Eddie Belmonte, holding off Old Blood and Guts himself, My Dad George, to win the mile-and-a-half by a neck. In John Jacobs' first year as head of the family stable he had accounted for its first classic. Just to add icing to the tasty cake, it turned out that the 95th Preakness

was not only the richest race ever taken by a Jacobs horse but also the richest (\$151,300 for winning, out of a gross purse of \$203,800) ever offered the winner of a Triple Crown event.

The way the Preakness was run was no surprise at all, nor was it a great shock to many observers that Dust Commander was so badly beaten, even though he was sent off by the crowd of 42,474 as the second choice at odds of 7 to 2,



After his fine run, Personality gets an affectionate ear twacking from Jockey Belmonte.

Having suffered what Trainer Combs diagnosed as a wrenched ankle after his Derby victory, he missed six out of 12 days of training. Despite Combs' optimism during Preakness Week, Lehmann showed up the night before the race and said, half glumly, "After all the things that have happened, I'll be happy to be in the first three." (Following the race the colt's ankle filled again, forcing an indefinite layoff.)

The connections of most of the other runners made various noises that were supposed to express confidence. Some were accurate and convincing, like Trainer Buddy McManus, who said of My Dad George, "We were shuffled around in the first turn at Louisville. This time I look for Silent Screen and Personality to go out there and give us some early speed, and we'll be a lot closer. In the Derby we were 24 lengths behind at one point. Here I'd like to be only about 10 off the pace. We'd have a better chance in the stretch." He was right, and what his horse did was right—almost.

John Jacobs was right, too, when he said he liked Personality's chances better than those of his stablemate, High Echelon, despite the latter's third-place Derby finish. "Personality is more versatile, he is bred to be a better horse and, for this race at least, I've got to stick with him." Everyone was frightened of Silent Screen, even his trainer, Bowes Bond, who, in desperation to get the colt back to his winning ways of 1969, decided to run him for the first time in blinkers. "It's 100 to 1 that blinkers won't help him all that much, but we've got to try something," said Bond. "Maybe he just won't go the distance, but we can't run him the same old way again. Blinkers, we hope, will help him keep his mind on his business." Other horsemen, in agreement that blinkers help a horse only 10% of the time, were inclined to feel that Silent Screen, after missing some two weeks of serious training in Florida, was still "short" for the Derby, and that if he could handle the turns at Pimlico he might take an early lead and hold it.

Most of the others connected with the race didn't sound as if they expected too much. The owners of Naskra admitted they had a high-strung colt. The Oh Fudge people said this Florida-bred was better on grass. And California-based Trainer Bob Wheeler, who suddenly arrived with Nelson Bunker Hunt's



The victorious family group includes Mrs. Ethel Jacobs, daughter Patrice and son John.

Sir Wiggle, admitted, "I was going to send this horse to New York anyway, so I thought I'd stop off here and try one of these Eastern tracks with him."

When Starter Eddie Blind threw the switch, Johnny Rotz broke quickly with Silent Screen but, passing the stands the first time moments later, it was Oh Fudge and Plenty Old who led the way. Silent Screen was third, Robin's Bug fourth and Personality fifth. Behind him came Naskra and Dust Commander, while My Dad George trailed in 10th place. Midway up the backstretch Rotz gave Silent Screen his head and he shot to a quick two-length lead around the far turn. "He handled the turns so well," said Rotz afterward, "that I really thought he'd be able to go on for once."

But Belmonte had moved Personality up into second place on the turn and was closing in on the outside. Mike Manganello, on Dust Commander, suddenly appeared to be gifted with a vast measure of racing luck. He had brought his horse up from seventh to third, and on the turn into the stretch, lo and behold, he found a yawning gap along the rail. Naturally, he drove for it and made it easily. But Dust Commander then faded steadily down the stretch, finishing ninth, and the challenge was taken up along the inside by My Dad George. Personality caught Silent Screen just after they passed the eighth pole, but off to his left thundered My Dad George, with

Ray Broussard riding frantically. He had three lengths to make up in 220 yards. Belmonte was whipping Personality, and he kept driving all the way. As he does in all his races, My Dad George dug in and fought, but this time he just couldn't make it, as Personality hung on for that narrow neck margin. He covered his classic distance in 1:56 1/2. Behind My Dad George, beaten another three lengths, was Silent Screen, who held third place by two lengths over the late-finishing High Echelon.

John Jacobs plans to run Personality and High Echelon in the May 30th Jersey Derby and then the Belmont, and heaven only knows who will still be around to run against them by then. The chances are that My Dad George will be there fighting again, and maybe Naskra. Until then the hour belongs to the family of Hersh Jacobs.

After the Preakness, John said, "One Derby eve a few years ago we were in a Louisville hotel but couldn't sleep because a bunch of sportswriters next door were carrying on and singing that song with the word 'personality' in it. They sang it over and over again, and my mother couldn't get to sleep. Finally she sat up in bed and said, 'I've heard that word so often tonight we've got to name a horse Personality someday.'"

Last Saturday night they sang about Personality in Baltimore, and the Jacobs family didn't mind a bit. **END**

MOM UNSER AND THE INDY CHILI CAPER

It took a brave throat to swallow her fiery cooking and a braver foot to duel with her son Al as he raced to the 500 pole by **ROBERT F. JONES**

As the speed fraternity gathered at Indianapolis last week for the annual qualification rites that precede the 500, drivers found it hard just to get onto the track. Rain was the reason. Great glowering tornado fronts boomed up over the plains and grumbled toward town like the ghosts of Indy past, then pelted the track with whiplash loads of water. There was but one front-engined roadster on the grounds, Jim Hurtubise's white Mafillard, and whenever Hurtubise rolled out the cynics would yell, "Here comes the Mafillard—duck." But the 150,000 raincoated spectators who showed up Saturday for the first day of qualifying gave both man and machine a nostalgic round of applause. By now, of course, the rear-engine revolution has become Establishment, technical innovation has fallen off and once again Indy is more a driver's race than a contest to sort out contrasting machines. As far as speed is concerned, stagnation has set in. The existing lap record of 171.953 mph was set by Joe Leonard in the STP turbine car, and that was two years ago. This year drivers predicted qualifying speeds up to 175 mph, but it never happened. Polewinner Al Unser, in his Johnny Lightning 500 special, averaged only 170.221 mph, squeezing out another Johnny named Rutherford.

Not too many years ago Rutherford was known as "Wreckford," but he provided about the only surprise—and the closest thing to a thrill—that the Indy qualifying phenomenon had to offer. Unser beat him for the pole, and its \$20,000 in prize money, by 9/1,000 of a mile per hour. That works out to 2½ feet in the 10 miles run.

This year most of the early conjecture centered around "Mario's fatal flaw"

and "A.J.'s psychic sandbag." On his first day of practice Mario Andretti, the defending champ, broke an axle half shaft and spun out as he entered the main straightaway, bounced twice along the inside wall during a 658-foot slide and left red Day-Glo paint hovering in the air like psychedelic snowflakes. He emerged morose but unhurt and wondering if this was to be another year of mechanical snakebite, as so many of his Indys have been. Mario's sponsor, Andy Granatelli, the granite-bellied little guy who likes us to call him "Mr. 500," had abandoned Mario's 1969 Hawk-Ford in favor of a pair of German-built McNamara-Fords. He and Mario started the tedious business of readying their second machine.

Meanwhile, Mr. Anthony Joseph Foyt Jr. of Houston was rummaging through his collection of fine old sandbags in search of a psychological edge. As usual, A.J. hestrade the Backyard as if he had built it. In his Coyote-Ford, Foyt toyed with Leonard's 1968 lap record as if he could break it at will. During one practice run he coasted down the main straight and still clocked a speed in excess of 170 mph. Foyt also had numerology going for him. By the rule of threes he was due for a superb year, having won Indy in 1961, '64 and '67. And when lots were drawn for qualifying runs, Foyt's No. 7 car got the seventh spot.

No Indy, of course, is ever a two-man show, or even a 10-man show. There were the Unsers—not only Al but his older brother Bobby, who won the 1968 race—and when their mother doled out her homemade chili one day along pit row, chemical warfare was added to Foyt's psychological variety. Next day everyone ate lots of ice cream.

Lloyd Ruby was on hand with his "silent majority special," a red, white and blue star-spangled beauty. Boyish Mark Donohue, driving with precision, turned lickety-split laps in the blue Sunoco special prepared by Roger Penske. Though Denny Hulme scorched his hands in a freak fire (gasoline from a sprung fuel cap in his McLaren-Offy ignited on the exhaust and Hulme bailed out, unable even to trigger his fire extinguisher), the quick New Zealander was replaced by Peter Revson, who whipped off a 166-mph lap his first time in the car. Then there was Dan Gurney, in a new blue Eagle, the black-hatted bridesman who has to win it sometime, they say. Dan finished second in 1968 and '69.

The daily rain, complicated by a simultaneous drought in funds from Detroit, made for anxious preparation and gingerly runs. On the night before qualifying, Granatelli's boys were still replacing the engine in Andretti's car—he was to qualify with less than 75 miles on it—and other wrenches squeaked all along Gasoline Alley, counterpointed by the splash of the midnight monsoon.

Saturday broke cold and dank, but still the crowds thronged to the Speedway. It's weird about Indy qualifying crowds—they will put up with any kind of inclemency in order to do their annual number. Take Ron Edwards, a 29-year-old Chevy salesman from Toledo, for whom this was the sixth Indy trip. Stocky, beery and up to the minute on Indy racing statistics, Edwards orbited the Andretti pit like a veritable Pete Conrad (who himself orbited the Lloyd Ruby pit, saying things like "dum-dum-de-dum") and grinning a lot, as if he were back on the moon. The Edwards was hoping for the chance to shake his hero's hand. "Mario may be Italian," he said, "but he's awfully good. A Ferrari in Ford's clothing."

Fortunately for the crowd, the track was dry enough by noontime Saturday for the qualifying cars to take practice. It was finally splendid racing weather—cool, relatively windless and empty of glare. The turbocharged engines—42 Offenhausers and 30 Fords in the field of 84—sucked it up hungrily, and qualifying speeds for the day ultimately averaged a respectable 167.557 mph.



Fat tires and a massive rear spoiler are features of Al Unser's pole-winning 175-mph Eagle-Ford.



Johnny Rutherford came within thousandths of a second of being fastest with his Eagle-Coffey.

Before A.J. took the green flag, everyone was sure he would break the qualifying record. But then the sandbag broke and Foyt came out only gritty. His first lap of the requisite four was a heartening 171.303, but, inexplicably, his speeds fell off—to 170.132, followed by a brace of low 169s. The crowd groaned and so did Foyt. "I don't think I'll sit on the pole," A.J. said in a sad, sick voice after his run. A little wind had kicked up, making the faster cars just a bit squirrely through the chutes. But when Al Unser went out a few minutes after Foyt, it was clear that he must be a fine squirrel shooter. Only 12/100ths of a second separated his fast and slow laps, and with the checkered flag it looked like Unser was home free.

But the Unser fans had reckoned without Wreckaford. All through practice the Texas-born Rutherford had looked tough, and he was getting better day by day, as if the rain was making him grow. His first lap was the quickest of the day—171.135—and the crowd that makes the No. 1 turn a pipeline of people and pork sausages yelled with puzzled excitement. Then Rutherford slipped on the second lap to a 169.907. "He scared himself on that first lap," they said. If he had taken his last warmup lap as his first qualifying lap instead of waiting another turn before raising his arm to signal his readiness, Wreckaford would have won the pole. That warmup lap was turned at 170 plus, while his last lap of the four "legal" ones went at 169.747.

All in all it was a day of qualifying that promised a good, tight race on May 30. There was a speed gap of only two mph between Unser and the eighth-fastest qualifier, Andretti. Between them, in order, came Rutherford, Foyt, Roger McCluskey, Donohue, Art Pollard and Bobby Unser. By the time the rains came again, 17 cars had made the starting lineup. Sunday added 10 more, topped by Revson, who turned 167.942 mph. Ruby spoke a bit loudly to his silent majority special and used up three—count 'em, three—engines, but will doubtless be back to qualify this weekend. As for the 27 drivers safely in, Jim Hurtubise and his Mallard were not among them, even though it had been fine weather for ducks. **END**

HENRY RAPS ONE FOR HISTORY

A single up the middle brought the Atlanta Braves' Henry Aaron his 3,000th hit and a mile-high milestone in a fabulous hitting career that after 16 years does not show the least sign of peaking **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

It was getting awfully lonely in the club," Stan Musial said last week in Cincinnati, "and when you are the only living member of it, you wait around for somebody to join you so at least there will be somebody to talk to."

In the second game of Sunday's dou-

sual. "Thank you so much for coming over to see me do it," said Aaron. Aaron's single drove in a run for the Braves in their big showdown series with the Reds. Not long after, on his way to downtown Cincinnati in a police car, Musial said, "Sure I remember my 3,001st hit. It was a home run." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than a radio broadcast told the story of No. 3,001 for Aaron. It was a home run over the center-field fence. "Go get 'em, Henry," said Musial.

From the beginning of the week Aaron had been trying to join Cap Anson (1897), Honus Wagner and Nap Lajoie (both 1914), Ty Cobb (1921), Ted Speaker and Eddie Collins (both 1925), Paul Waner (1942) and Musial (1958). Lou Gehrig never reached 3,000 and Babe Ruth retired 127 hits short

of it. George Sisler, with a lifetime batting average of .340, did not get 3,000 hits, nor did Ted Williams, Joe DiMaggio, Harry Heilmann, Wee Willie Keeler, Kiki Cuyler, Rogers Hornsby, Mel Ott, Ducky Medwick, Sam Rice, Al Simmons or Heinie Manush. Mickey Mantle never really got close, and Willie Mays is still 43 hits away. Their ages say that Al Kaline, Frank Robinson and Ernie Banks will not get to 3,000, and Pete Rose is not quite halfway. Carl Yastrzemski would need seven consecutive seasons better than the best one of his life to approach what Aaron accomplished last Sunday.

Getting 3,000 hits is baseball's finest unsung record, but Aaron approached his goal without fanfare or trumpets from Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn or National League President Charles Feeney. The fans, fortunately, responded to him. Last Saturday evening, after doubling twice to move within one hit of 3,000, Aaron sat in front of his locker in the Braves' clubhouse in Cincinnati and said wistfully, "People have been calling me on the phone and wishing me the best of luck. I appreciate it very

much. It's very nice to know that people know you are around."

The Braves are this year's most delicious baseball mystery because two freak accidents took away 18-game winner Ron Reed and top reliever Cecil Upshaw from a pitching staff that was considered questionable even when totally sound. Reed broke a collarbone in the spring, and Upshaw, who won six games and saved 25 in 1969, came close to losing a finger on his pitching hand when he was showing some teammates the elements of a basketball dunk shot. He caught his ring on an overhang while suspended in the air. At one point early this season Atlanta lost nine of 11 games, and it looked like the Cincinnati Reds would bury them deep in the Western Division. The Braves, however, revived and rolled off 11 straight wins, and people asked how.

The question should not have been how but who, and that who was Henry



bleheader between the Reds and the Atlanta Braves in Crosley Field, Henry Aaron beat out an infield single and joined Musial and seven others in baseball history to reach 3,000 hits (see cover). Musial vaulted over the small fence alongside the Braves' dugout and trotted out to first to congratulate Aaron, as the biggest Cincinnati crowd in 23 years gave the game's most underpublicized star a heartfelt standing ovation. Aaron held up the ball that he had hit off rookie Pitcher Wayne Simpson and waved it at the big crowd.

"Congratulations, Henry," said Mu-





Aaron. Fear of Hank Aaron has been present in baseball for most of the past 16 seasons. Now, in his 17th season, that fear is larger than it has ever been before. On opening night in Atlanta 37,181 fans watched him come to bat in the first inning and pump a home run 503 feet into the upper deck in left field. It was the longest homer ever hit by a Brave in Atlanta. Last week he hit two homers to win two games in five days. In a game in which the Braves were shut out for the first time this season and held to only five hits, "Bad" Henry collected two doubles.

As silly as it might seem, Henry Aaron might just be a better batter now than he has ever been. By the end of last week he had 16 homers and said, "I've never had a start like this. I've hit for a better average early in a season but I've never got as many homers. Despite the shifts they throw at me, I've hit. If I hit the ball hard, it will go through any shift, and I have been hitting the ball hard."

Last week in Chicago, Aaron got four hits (Nos. 2,992-2,995) in one game and he hit the ball truly hard three times. The first time, he singled through the middle to drive in the first run of the game. The second time, he lined a ball back at Cub Pitcher Joe Decker. The

ball hit the rook on the right forearm, spun him around and landed behind the mound. When Aaron reached first safely he looked at Decker, waited for time to be called and then walked to the mound. "I thought I had broken his wrist," Aaron said. "I want my hits but I don't want to hurt anyone. I was kind of afraid for the kid. It could have all been gone for him right there. But he was O.K. I told him I was sorry."

Aaron's line drive took Decker out of the game, and in the 10th inning he hit a ball hard for the third time. He worked the count his way until it was three balls and no strikes and then waited for a fastball and got it.

Aaron's bat came around, his wrists snapped, and

Miller Barber cannot hit a three-iron any better than Aaron hit that pitch. The ball flew deep into center field as the Braves won.

"Throwing a fastball by Henry Aaron," Pitcher Curt Simmons once said, "is like trying to sneak the sun past a rooster."

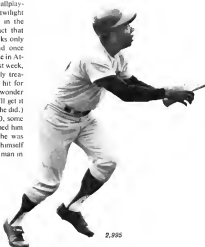
At an age—36—when other ballplayers are beginning to enjoy the twilight of their careers, Aaron is now in the first year of a two-year contract that calls for \$125,000 a year. He lacks only a few things that he wants and once had. "There was a fire in my home in Atlanta three years ago," he said last week, "and some of the things I really treasured were lost, like the balls I hit for my 1,000th and 2,000th hits. I wonder if my 3,000th hit is a homer if I'll get it back." (It wasn't and, of course, he did.)

As Aaron moved toward 3,000, some of baseball's biggest names watched him and appreciated the milestone he was approaching. Ernie Banks, who himself last week became only the ninth man in

baseball to hit 500 homers, sat on the edge of the Chicago dugout and said, "How do you pitch to a hammer? What does he think about when the count is three and one? Does he feel that he has to carry the team? Does he realize that he makes hitting with two strikes on him look easy while the rest of us normal people tense up? I was impressed when I first saw him hit, and I'm more impressed by Mr. Henry Aaron as the years roll by."

Red Schoendienst, the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals and a teammate of both Aaron and Musial, as well as one of the 111 others in baseball to collect more than 2,000 hits, says, "Two thousand hits is nothing when you compare it to 3,000. When I played with Henry in Milwaukee I thought he would have a chance to reach 3,000 hits because he had the perfect body that would allow him to play every day. Good hitters just play, and bad hitters become politicians and try to hang on that way. Henry's just like Stan; both natural-born hitters. They began to concentrate when they got to the clubhouse and they would look at the laces when they tied their shoes because they knew that once their shoes were on, they had to play. No distractions. No horsefeathers, just work."

continued



That's what makes a real man. That was Stan, and it's Henry."

Roger Maris said of Aaron two weeks ago: "Henry could steal 50 bases a year if he wanted to and seldom get caught, but he knows that he might get hurt, and that would harm his ball club in the long run. In some ways it is unfortunate that Henry's hitting is so outstanding. It tends to overshadow his other talents."

Joe Torre played with Aaron in both Milwaukee and Atlanta and now must play against him as a Cardinal. "Henry," he says, "has the most ferocious swing with the least amount of effort that I have ever seen. He can hit a ball

ner recalled, "that the one hitter who needed no help at all was a young man named Henry Aaron."

Waner got his 3,000th hit at the age of 39. With 2,999 to his credit, he hit a ground ball that Shortstop Eddie Joost

parties for his 3,000th, the first when he reached 2,998 before the team went to Chicago for a short series. Musial hoped the second would be in St. Louis, too. With one hit to go, he sat out the last Chicago game before returning home. He was sunning himself in the bullpen in the sixth inning when, with the Cardinals behind 3-1, Manager Fred Hutchinson summoned him to pinch-hit for Sad Sam Jones. Musial doubled to drive in a run, and the Cards went on to win.

Following his hit, photographers ran onto the field, the ball was presented to Musial, and Hutchinson took him out of the game for a pinch runner. Musial ran over to the box seats, hugged and kissed his wife, and one of the photographers asked, "Say, Sam, did you know that blonde?"

The Cardinals returned by train to St. Louis—the last train trip in the club's history. In Clinton, Ill., a crowd of about 50 gathered on the station platform and chanted, "We want Musial." At Springfield the crowd had doubled, and people were singing, "For he's a jolly good fellow." When the train pulled into Union Station a spotlight was put on Musial. "I never realized," he told a huge crowd, "that hitting a little white ball around would cause so much commotion. I know now how Landberg must have felt when he returned to St. Louis."



in the infield and judge how much speed to turn on to beat the throw. The old saying applies to Henry. He belongs in a higher league."

So, of course, did the other 3,000-hit men. One of them, Waner, was the team's batting instructor when Aaron was in his fourth year as a Milwaukee Brave, and a bright enough man to leave Aaron's style alone. "We talked about hitting quite a bit," Aaron said last week while lounging in his Cincinnati hotel room in scarlet silk pajamas, "and our theories were almost the same. Waner believed, as I do, that moving the legs or opening and closing your stance is not as important as the upper part on the body. It's the controlling of the bat that is important and being able to snap your wrists at the last instant that allows you to do something with a pitch you might have already been fooled on."

All last week, Waner's widow was listening to the Brave broadcasts in her home in Sarasota, Fla. and rooting hard for Aaron. "Paul once said," Mrs. Wa-



could not field cleanly. It seemed that Waner's 3,000th hit would be a scratch single. When he got to first base, however, Waner motioned with his arms and head "no" to the official scorer. Reluctantly, the scorer called the play an error and Waner later told Joost, "I'm sorry to see you get an error, kid, but I wanted it to be one I could be proud of." Eventually Waner did get his hit—a single through the middle against his old team the Pirates. Although Waner was nearing the end of a career in which his top salary was \$18,500, he volunteered to put up \$1,000 for a celebration party. But his hard-up employers, the Braves, stepped in and paid.

Musial, who flew to Cincinnati to be there for Aaron's historic hit, had two



Aaron's first game in the major leagues was played in Crosley Field, the site of his 3,000th hit. He got no hits as five at bats. Joe Nuxhall was the starting pitcher that day for the Reds, and all he recalls of Aaron at the time is: "In the clubhouse meeting before the game he was thought to be a high-ball hitter." The Braves returned to Milwaukee af-



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ter their Opening Day loss for an opener against the Cardinals and Aaron's second game in the majors. Vic Raschi, ending his career, was the starting pitcher for St. Louis. "Nobody on our team seemed to know anything about Aaron," Raschi says, "except Eddie Stanky, the manager. He knew that Aaron was a potentially fine player and talked about everything except the way Henry parted his hair." On his first at bat in County Stadium Aaron doubled off the left-field wall. Not long afterward he launched the first homer of his remarkable career—this one off Raschi in St. Louis.

Aaron is the first man ever to combine 3,000 hits and 500 home runs. Assuming that an average Aaron home run travels only 340 feet, he has already hit more than 36½ miles worth. Many people believe that he has a good chance to reach Babe Ruth's alltime record of 714. "This year and the next are the critical ones for me if I am going to catch Ruth," Aaron says. "I would almost have to have a 50 year in one of the two seasons: I'm going to just hang on and hit one once in a while. One reason I have gotten off so fast is that Rico Carty and Orlando Cepeda have been hitting behind me. They've been going real good, so I have been getting more pitches to hit. Sure, catching Ruth would be a thrill, but achieving 3,000 hits is more important because it shows consistency. I have studied the list of men who reached 3,000, and the most remarkable one is Ty Cobb because he got to 4,191. That is unbelievable to me." If Henry Aaron has a few more seasons like this one, he could become a believer.

END



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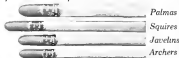


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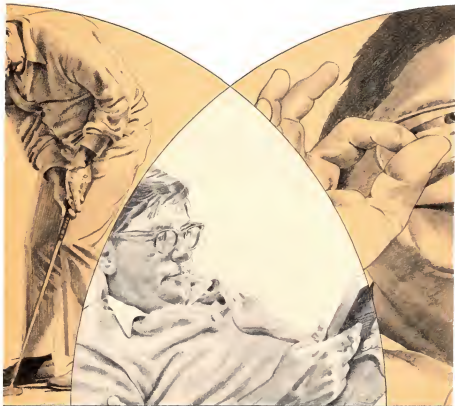
Part 2: PRO by **FRANK BEARD**
EDITED BY DICK SCHAAP

I'LL NEVER ENVY A SUPERSTAR

The author—on his way to leading pro golf's money list for 1969—finds himself standing in a fairway praying for a victory. But after he has won he discovers that fame on the tour has some singular perils

JULY 6, Grand Blanc, Mich.—It's been so long since I've won a tournament I don't know how I'd feel if it finally happened. I'd probably be so numb I wouldn't get any pleasure out of it. I'm not dejected. I'm more—I guess you'd say—lost. I went to the office today and did my job well, but I didn't prove anything, even though I finished second in the Buick Open and won \$14,300. I can't win anything but money. And—I never thought I'd say this—maybe money isn't enough.

JULY 10, Minneapolis—I'm a big star this week. Aaron, Sikes, Stockton and I are the co-favorites to win the Minnesota Classic. We're the kings. We're the Palm-



er, Nicklaus, Casper and Player of Minneapolis-St. Paul. Still, when I woke up this morning, I didn't want to go to the golf course. I wanted to sleep or swim or do almost anything except play golf. After four holes I was two over par, and for the first time in a long, long time I felt myself hoping that I'd miss the cut. But I shot 69, two under par.

Out of the top 20 money-winners from last year, only five of us are here—Dan Sikes, Dave Stockton, Tommy Aaron, Bob Lunn and me. Out of the field of 144, judging from the names I saw today, there are a hundred fellows you could line up in front of me and I wouldn't know one from another. Calling this a weak field is an understatement.

But a victory here would sure beat no victory at all.

I might as well confess right now that I've given up on my diet completely. I don't know exactly what I weigh. Somewhere around 200, I guess. I don't know anymore whether I walk or roll or bounce. I do know one thing. I'm drained. I told Patty, "I don't know what a mental breakdown feels like, but I think I'm having one." I have absolutely no motivation. I don't want to play golf tomorrow.

JULY 11—Before I left the motel this morning, I told Patty, "Honey, if I get close to missing the cut, I'm gonna miss it. I really don't give a damn. I'm

ready to take a couple of days off."

I teed off and, I'll tell you, I don't think I could have missed the cut if I'd tried. I couldn't play badly. Every time I stood on the tee, I knew I was going to hit the ball down the middle. Every time I got out on the fairway, I knew I was going to knock my iron shot next to the hole. Every time I lined up a putt, I knew I was going to make it. I shot the easiest 67 I ever shot in my life. Stockton's leading the tournament at 135, Sikes and I are both at 136 and Aaron's at 139. So far, the big stars are holding up.

Mason Rudolph, my partner, was moving along three under par today on the front nine, and then he *continued*

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started to three-putt and lost all his confidence. Mase is literally battling for his life. He was exempt for about 10 years, really one of the top players on the tour, but for the past year and a half he hasn't been able to pull his game together, much less win a tournament. If he misses the top 60 again—he missed last year—his career is basically finished, at the age of 35. It's strange, but seeing the trouble Mase is in kind of picked me up today. I know that I could be in his situation without hardly any warning. It made me a little more determined.

JULY 12—For the fifth day in a row, despite all my determination last night, I woke up not wanting to go to the golf course. I wasn't teeing off until 1:30, so I had plenty of time to sit by the pool with the kids and relax. I kept thinking how nice it'd be to spend the rest of the day at the pool. I didn't feel any pressure. I wasn't running scared the way I have been. It was almost like, "Well, I've got to go play today, so the hell with it. I'll just go out and accept whatever happens."

What I needed was something to charge me up, and as soon as I reached the course I got it. A television man started harassing me. Reporters have been on us all week, complaining about how there aren't any big-name players here and how all the pros are huns because we won't patronize their tournament. Well, there were only 14 men in the world who earned \$100,000 playing golf last year, and four of us—Sikes, Stockton, Lunn and me—are here, and that's not so bad. We may not be the biggest names in the world, but we deserve at least a little credit. I really got mad.

Just before I teed off, Sikes came up to me and said, "Look, Frank, I hope you or I or Dave or Tom win this thing just to shut those people up a little." That gave me more determination.

I played with Stockton, and I shot one of my best rounds in a long time. I did miss an 18-inch putt, but I wound up with my second straight 67. Dave shot a 69, and I moved into first place, a stroke ahead of him and two ahead of young Hale Irwin. So I'm in a familiar position—first place with one round to go for the fourth time this year. "I think I've got another second-place finish locked up," I told Patty tonight, but I wasn't serious. For a change I feel that I'm not afraid of winning.

JULY 13—I don't have to look at the late news on TV to know what happened today: Frank Beard is the champion of the 1969 Minnesota Classic. Old Frankie went out and played himself some golf, I don't mind telling you. I really made it happen. I shot a 66 and won the tournament by seven strokes. It was almost anticlimactic. I knew all the way I was going to do it.

This morning I wanted to go play golf, but when I woke up the rain was coming down so hard I thought sure we'd get postponed. Instead, they just pushed the starting times back two

had to borrow some from R. H. Sikes.

Then I was off to the races. I birdied two of the first four holes and, on the 5th hole, faced the critical point of my round. I had a 30-footer for a birdie, and as I got set to putt a bug hit on my ball. I backed off, shoed it away, lined everything up again, drew my putter back and moved it forward. An instant before impact the bug flew back on the ball and startled the hell out of me. I left the putt six feet short. "Oh, God," I said to myself, "Here we go." I don't know what would've happened if I'd missed that six-footer. I know it would've broken whatever momentum I had. But I made it and I was never in trouble again. I coasted in.

The drought's over now, but I've got a little hollow feeling about this victory. Maybe I'm just tired, but I don't feel terribly excited. If the field had been a little stronger or if I hadn't been scoring so well the past few weeks or if the finish had been a little closer, the realization of winning might've been much more satisfying. The way it is, it's sort of a shallow victory. Over in England, Tony Jacklin won the British Open yesterday, and he's the golf hero of the week, not me.

JULY 15, Páladar-Jesse—I got thinking today about the way I've been playing, and I realized I've never in my life had a streak quite like the one I'm on. In my last nine tournaments I've finished in the top 10 seven times, in the top four six times, second three times and first once. I've won more than \$70,000 in a little over two months.

JULY 18—"Hey, Beardie," Doug Sanders started yelling at me on the practice tee this morning, "aren't we splitting this year? Don't I get half that \$20,000 you won?"

"Okay, Doug," I said. "Down the middle on everything—endorsements, clothing contracts, everything." Sanders backed off on that. He just makes tapping money on the golf course.

JULY 25, Alvin—When I got into the locker room, Orville Moody shouted, "Hey, Beard, what'd you shoot?"

"I'm five under," I said.

"You're the playgest Jesse I ever saw in my life," Sarge said, "You're playing so good, it's unbelievable."

I'm averaging 68.8 for my last 18



hours—I didn't tee off until after 3 o'clock—and the sun came out and we played.

I was nervous most of the morning, nervous in a good way, the way I used to be back in the old days when I was winning my share. I couldn't eat much breakfast. The kids irritated the hell out of me. I was on edge, and it's not the sort of thing you can manufacture. It either comes or it doesn't.

I went out to the golf course, thinking about what Dan had said yesterday about the press waiting to pounce on us, building up my determination, and when I got to the locker room I realized I was out of golf balls and

rounds, 67 for my last three. "Orville," I said, "I'll trade you all my rounds for that U.S. Open title you've got."

"No deal," said Oeville.

Old Sarge is a pretty smart fellow.

JULY 26—On the first tee, thanks to a sportswriter in Detroit, Nicklaus walked over to me and said, "Hey, Frank, I read where you said I was through."

"Jack," I said, "I did say that, but that wasn't all I said." I explained to Jack that I'd said he had the potential to win one out of every three tournaments and maybe \$350,000 a year, but that I didn't think he'd ever live up to his potential again. I didn't think he was going to try that hard anymore.

"Frank," Jack said, "you were right. I don't have much motivation left. What can I prove?"

He dropped the subject right there.

JULY 28, Louisville—As soon as I got up I headed over to my bank to make a deposit. I have been walking around with \$60,000 in checks, my winnings for the previous four weeks. Most pros do the same thing—you get a tournament check and stick it in your wallet and kind of forget about it until you get home.

JULY 29, Harrison, N.Y.—I arrived in New York today in a driving rainstorm, so I didn't even bother going over to the Westchester Country Club. I just kind of took it easy and let a few thoughts run through my mind. I'm about to play in the richest tournament in the world. There's a total of \$250,000 in prize money, and the winner receives \$50,000. With that much money at stake, the Westchester Classic gets a fantastic field. It's by far the best field of the year, stronger than the U.S. Open, stronger than the PGA, much stronger than the Masters. The only golfer of any consequence in the whole world who isn't here is Deane Beman, and he'll be here if his ribs weren't cracked.

All these people are here for one reason: they want to win that \$50,000 first prize. So do I, but I'm not burning to win it. I'm not telling myself, "I've got to win the Westchester Classic or die." The furthest I'm willing to go is to think of a good score—say 276, 12 under par—and aim at that. But I'm a businessman before anything else, and if someone came to me tonight and said, "Frank, I'll give you \$6,000 if you'll withdraw

continued



OVER A CENTURY AGO, folks warned Jack Daniel against this weeping willow tree.

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from the Westchester Classic." I'd take it. I play the odds, and the odds say that I won't make \$6,000 here. The odds say that Jack Nicklaus won't make \$6,000 here and Arnold Palmer won't and Billy Casper won't. But each of those guys would probably turn down flat an offer of \$6,000 and say, "Hell, no. I'll take my chances on winning more." Not me. I go with the odds. My whole game is built around the odds. Some people say that I'm not a gambler, but they're dead wrong. That's exactly what I am—a gambler—and, like any good gambler, I play the odds.

A few sportswriters have said, even after my victory in Minnesota, that I don't want to win, that I'm afraid to win, that I play for second. Well, that's ridiculous. Purely as a businessman, I want to win. I know that first place pays more than second place.

JULY 31—Out on the practice tee I ran into Al Balding, and he was moaning and groaning, swinging miserably and barely hitting the ball.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Cracked my driver yesterday," Al said. "I'm trying out a new one."

"How long did you have the old one?"

"I'll tell you how long," Al said. "I got my wife and my children together last night and told them there'd been a death in the family."

I had two wonderful fellows for partners today, Doug Ford and Roberto De Vigenzo. Doug was like a second father to me when I came out on the tour. As a former PGA champion he's got a lifetime exemption, and he plays maybe 20 tournaments a year. He's independently wealthy by now, so he's not trying to earn a living out here. I love to see Doug and play with him, but in a way I wish he'd quit. He's 46, and he can't play his best anymore, and it just breaks my heart to see him messing up shots he used to handle with ease. Roberto is also 46, but he's a big fellow, with a big swing, and he can still beat most of the younger guys.

Roberto shot a 73, Doug shot a 77 and old Frank came in with a nice simple 69, 15 pars and three birdies. If I can put together four 69s, I'll have that 276 I set as my goal.

As I came off the course, Gene Litter walked up to me and said, "C'mon, let's go."

"Where we going?" I said.

"Let's go and practice," Gene said.

"You've got to be kidding," I said.

"As long as I've got that golden goose in my bag, I don't have to practice."

"I can putt like that, too," Gene said, "but I'm always one shot late getting to the green."

After one round, the leader in the richest tournament in the world is a 51-year-old man, Tommy Bolt. Tommy took only 15 strokes more than his age.

AUG. 1—I lost my concentration for a while today, partly because I started worrying about the wind—the guys who teed off early escaped it—and partly because I started thinking about taxes. How ridiculous can I get? I was actually walking down the fairway and wondering if I finished first how much of the \$50,000 I'd have to give the Government.

I three-putted the 2nd hole, and after eight holes I was two over for the round, only one under for the tournament and getting dangerously close to the cut. But I came in with a 72 for the day. Roberto shot a 70, even though he couldn't make a putt. "If I stay here and keep putting like this," Roberto told me, "I'll lose my brains."

Poor Roberto still has to put up with a lot because of that scorecard incident at the Masters. On the 9th hole today some idiot shouted, "Roberto, don't forget to sign your card!" When we finished, I handed Roberto his scorecard—I'd kept his—and he looked it over carefully, then said, "Frank, you made a mistake." I had. I'd put down a five for the par-5 5th hole, and he'd made a six. If he'd signed the card with a score lower than he'd actually shot, he'd have been disqualified. I made the correction, and Roberto sort of smiled and shrugged.

I'm going to need a 67 and a 68 the next two days to get that 276. Right now I'm five strokes behind the leader, Bert Greene.

AUG. 2—I was standing on the putting green today chatting with Bert Yancey, and Howard Cosell, the broadcaster, came strolling up. The first time I met Howard I thought he was the most sarcastic and cynical loudmouth I'd ever seen. Now that I know him a little better I think he's the most sarcastic and cynical loudmouth I've ever seen, but I like him. He must know more about sports than any man alive.

I started teasing him because he was

wearing white tennis shoes, and before I knew what hit me he counterattacked.

"Ah," he said, "there is the colorless, anonymous, ineffectual Frank Beard, whose name shall live in golfing annals because of his colossal failure under crisis conditions in a sudden-death playoff in New Orleans against the renowned Larry Hinson." For Howard that was a short sentence, but I didn't have any comeback.

Then I went out and played with Bobby Nichols as my partner, the two of us competing for low Loutsillian in the Westchester Classic. I parred the first eight holes and then started hitting everything stiff. I sank a six-footer for a birdie on 9, a five-footer for a birdie on 10, a 15-footer for a birdie on 12, a 10-footer for a birdie on 16 and a 10-footer for a birdie on 18. I finished with a 67 and moved into second place, tied with four other guys but four strokes behind Bert Greene. Four strokes are an awful lot to overcome; the best thing we've got going for us is the pressure on a boy who's never been in a position like this before.

AUG. 3—I began feeling nervous, almost nauseous, on the way to the golf course. When I got there around one o'clock I had almost two hours to kill before my tee time. On the practice tee I hit the ball terribly. I was too nervous to do anything right. I wanted to get into the ball game and get going.

Dan Sikes and Bruce Crampton teed off two groups in front of me. Then came Tommy Bolt and Al Mengert, then Harold Henning and me, Bert Greene and Lee Trevino were the final twosome. I figured Lee's chatter would either keep Bert relaxed or drive him crazy.

I couldn't have asked for a better partner than Harry the Horse. He's not loud. He's quick. He doesn't agonize lining up each shot. My game plan was simple. I wasn't thinking about catching Greene, but I wanted to beat the guys I was tied with for second place—Sikes, Henning, Bolt and Trevino. I especially wanted to get through the first four holes at even par, because I knew that if I picked up a bogey or two there I'd start aiming for a 70 or a 71 or a 72 and give up any chance at the first three places, the big-money places. I wasn't looking for any birdies on the first four holes.

I parred the first three, and on the 4th, a long par-4, I used a three-

continued

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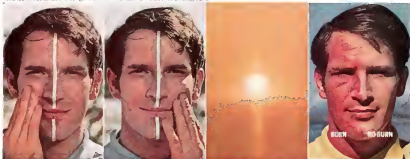
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wood off the tee, sacrificing distance for accuracy. But I pushed my shot into the right-hand rough. As I walked down the fairway, I said to myself, "O.K., Beard. Here's where we find out how this round is going to go."

The rough had been brutal all week, but when I reached my ball it was sitting up absolutely perfect. "Things might be coming my way today," I thought. I hit a seven-iron, and my ball landed short of the green but rolled up 10 feet from the cup. I thought my first putt was going to be short, too, but it kept on going and dropped in for a birdie.

I walked over to a friend of mine in the gallery and I said, "I'm going to win this tournament." My heart was up in my throat. The combination of the good lie in the rough, the roll on the iron shot and the birdie putt was just too good to believe.

On the 7th hole I knocked in a three-foot birdie putt, and when I came off the green I heard Greene had lost a stroke to par. He was now 11 under for the tournament, and I was 10 under. Dark clouds were rolling in over the course, and after I hit a good drive on the 8th hole rain started sprinkling down. This was my day, and I had to get my round in or I wouldn't stand a chance. I got angry just thinking about the possibility of a rainout. "I've got my momentum going," I told myself. "I've got a real chance to win this tournament and make my whole year and what happens? A rainstorm!"

I got hot. I groaned and I didn't concentrate and I didn't stop to think that everyone else was playing in the same rain, and I just plain psyched myself into hitting a poor four-iron shot. The ball skipped off the right side of the green and up a little hill and stopped near some rocks. My lie wasn't bad—another good sign—but I had to assume the damndest position to make the chip. I knew I was dumb for letting the rain get to me. I knew, too, that if I made a bogey my momentum would disappear. This was my first real crisis of the day. I hit a pretty good chip, but the ball ran about eight feet past the hole. I fished an uphill putt, breaking to the right, for my par. And I rolled it in. Now I was sure I was going to win.

I made the turn three under for the day, 11 under for the tournament and tied with Bert Greene, who was coming up the 9th fairway behind me. Then I

looked at the scoreboard. I could've strangled Dan Sikes. He was 13 under; he'd eagled the 9th hole and birdied 10.

On the 10th hole I sank a 15-footer for a birdie to go 12 under, and I could feel the adrenaline surging through me. I didn't care what Dan Sikes did. I was going to win. On the 11th hole I was so charged up I didn't dare use a driver because of a creek about 270 yards out. I hit a three-wood instead, then a five-iron, then two putts from 20 feet.

I kept moving along, all keyed up and with all the breaks going my way. On the 16th, normally a three-iron, I was so pumped up I hit a four-iron within 20 feet of the pin, then lipped out my birdie putt. Behind me, Bert Greene bogeyed the 15th, he, Sikes and I were now all even at 12 under.

I parred the 17th, reaching the green from the rough and two-putting for a par. I went to the 18th tee, a long par-5 demanding about a 270-yard drive to clear the dogleg and bending left up to a green guarded by fairway bunkers.

"Now just keep it smooth," I told myself. "Don't jump. Don't lurch. Just get any kind of drive out there so you can lay it up short of the bunkers on your second shot."

I hit a great drive, long and straight, and when I reached my ball, Sikes was on the green, less than 20 feet from the pin, which was set in a dip in the undulating green. Sikes missed his birdie putt, leaving himself three or four feet from the hole, then lined up his second putt carefully. Three times he backed away from the ball. I watched him, knowing how badly he wanted to win. Finally, he putted. He missed. He took a bogey and slipped to 11 under par.

Right then I did something I'd never done before. On the course I stopped and prayed to God for victory. "If You let me win this tournament," I said, "I'll give \$5,000 of the \$50,000 to some needy children, to people who haven't been nearly as privileged as I am."

"Go, Frank, go," I heard people yelling. "Go, go."

I never for a moment considered trying for the green. I knew I couldn't get across those fairway bunkers with a rifle. I knew my only chance for a birdie was to lay up, then knock a wedge in close and make the putt. I took a four-iron and hit the ball just where I wanted it, 10 yards short of those dangerous bunkers.



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FRANK BEARD *continued*

My ball was perched up on a fluffy lie, perfect for a pitch-and-run shot, just the kind of shot I wanted. I didn't have to use any tricks, anything special; all I had to do was make contact with the ball. "Stay down, Beard," I told myself. "Stay down. Just hit it solid."

I hit the shot perfectly. The ball rolled up two feet from the pin. A moment later I had my birdie. As far as I was concerned, the tournament was all over. It never for a moment entered my mind that Bert Greene might birdie the last hole, and he didn't. I was the champion of the Westchester Classic.

I went on national television, and, all of a sudden, the rein I'd always held on my emotions gave way. I felt tears trickling down my cheeks. I knew that millions of people were watching, and I didn't care.

AUG. 4, Louisville—The telephone was ringing off the wall all day. Radio and television reporters and newspapermen wanted to interview me from morning to night. Telegrams came in from everywhere. Our house was upside down, a shambles.

Patty looked at me this evening and smiled. "Next time," she said, with a wink, "see if you can finish second. That'll be good enough."

I used to feel that way myself.

AUG. 12, Dayton—Patty turned to me tonight and said, "I just can't take it." "What do you mean?" I said.

"Everyone's saying to me, 'How does it feel to be rich?' But Frank, I don't feel any different. I don't think we're any different."

"Of course we're not, honey," I said.

"Well, I wish they'd stop this stuff about being No. 1," Patty said. "I'm beginning to wish you were No. 100."

AUG. 13—I'm becoming self-conscious about everything I do. I was sitting out on the porch of my motel room this afternoon and suddenly I found myself thinking, "I'd better get down by the pool, because if I don't, people are going to look around and say, 'Well, Frank Beard is No. 1 on the money list now, so he just stands off like a god.'"

AUG. 18, Louisville—I think I understand now what happens to the superstars. The pressure is unbelievable when you're on top. I don't mean on the golf

continued

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course. I mean from the press, from the public, even from your friends. I won't have to put up with it for long—I'm just a temporary hero—but if I were a superstar I guess I'd buy a private plane and stay in private homes and keep away from everyone else as much as possible. I've been a little harsh on Jack and Arnie and Cas. I'm getting a taste of what they go through. I don't envy them at all.

Sept. 13, *Washington*—Gene Littler took me aside today, before we left for the Ryder Cup matches in England, and said, "Frank, are you going to make golf your career?"

"Sure," I said.

"Well, you're going to have to lose some weight," Gene said. "That's all there is to it."

Gene's always been kind of an idol of mine, and he'd never said anything like that to me before.

I took a vow right then to get on a diet and stay on it.

Nov. 9, *Hawthole*—I've been right. Jack Nicklaus is through. He only finished second today, giving him a total of \$62,300 in prize money and two firsts and a second in his last three tournaments.

Dec. 7, *Hollywood, Fla.*—Arnie won his second tournament in a row today. And he won in style with a closing 65. I think maybe he should stay on the tour another year.

Dec. 10, *Louisville*—Finally, and officially, I wound up first on the money list. I won a grand total of \$175,233.93, almost \$19,000 more than Dave Hill and \$35,000 in front of Jack Nicklaus. It was the first time since 1959 that the leading money-winner on the PGA tour wasn't Arnie (three years) or Jack (three years) or Billy (two years) or Gary (one year).

Dec. 28—I'm ready to leave for the 1970 tour. It's a brand-new year. Except for two things. Patty's pregnant again. And I weigh 205 pounds.

NEXT WEEK

In a roasting assessment of his fellow pros, Beard tells how the best "burn and burn," while some others have failings and fail.



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SWIFT WINGS TO BRIGHT HORIZONS



It is a common lament that there are few out-of-the-way pleasure pockets left on or, indeed, above the map, but a growing number of sports-minded Americans are flying in the face of the evidence. They realize that there are wide corridors beyond the congested commercial routes and onthill crowding of metropolitan airports. They journey in considerable freedom to hunt, fish and ski or simply to get up in the air to feel the wind on their wings. They fly rich in jet aircraft, and they fly poor in planes that have known a succession of owners. From the emerald seascapes of the Bahamas to the powdery slopes of Sun Valley, Photographer Eric Schweikordt logged 55,000 miles to assemble the portfolio on these pages. Following it is an appraisal of the state of the air, private-plane sector.

The limpid Bahamian waters off Rose Island, near Nassau, are but a short hop from home for Miami's Rod Heitman, his lake LA-4 Amphibian and some skin-diving friends. Heitman unloads scuba gear from the pusher-prop plane to begin a day's sport,







airport communities, where planes and cars travel side by side, are an ingenious new element in the getting-away-from-it-all game. At Cameron Park, near Sacramento, you can taxi down to the golf course or the airstrip and, if you are really with it, park the Piper at home. Developer Ray Henderson has his own planeport (bottom): he predicts that 125 residents will possess them by 1975, clearly a delight for flyers but maybe a headache for traffic cops.







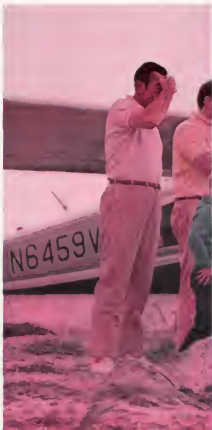
igh in British Columbia's Coast Mountains, Stanly and Marie Donagh float down to a poem of a lake and, breaking out rods, fish for the cutthroat trout teeming there. Stanly is a retired Seattle businessman who has flown for 35 years. He and Marie, once a licensed pilot herself, have explored a thousand lakes in the wilderness of Alaska and Canada. Headquarters for their trips is their 80-foot yacht "Shoreleave" (below). When they move on they hoist the Cessna astern on a rig Donagh devised.





R

ising steeply from a 300-foot strip of grass, a Helio Courier lifts Bob Kinnach and his family above the congestion near their Massachusetts home and off to a Cape Cod fly-in for a shoreside clam bake. Kinnach stands at extreme left. Such short-takeoff-and-landing (STOL) planes are still rare and are much prized by bush pilots and by sportsmen who squeeze into mountain and jungle niches where conventional planes cannot go.





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King is a sport of myriad gadgets, the classiest of which these days are wings to get you to the good snow. At right, Boise Banker Spence Eccles flies his Beech Duke over Sun Valley's Baldy Mountain to have a look at the powder before landing at the ski area's Holey Airport. Air-minded Sun Valley people like to get out and away to virgin slopes in the area. This they do by helicopter. Realtor Ted Teren flies a British-made Beagle (below and above right) on business and sports trips but hires a chopper when he wants to make new tracks. That's Ted at the helicopter door









ruising in over the beach at Daytona, Ed Culler and Bob Northington of Winston-Salem, N.C. approach a weekend at the stock car races. Flyers seem to have a special affinity for auto racing; they buzz into places like Daytona, Indianapolis and Sebring in remarkable numbers—and at Daytona have the convenience of an airport hard by the speedway. In the picture below the nose of the Bonanza points to the track's Turn 2. Sports fans are increasingly on the wing—in, out and home for dinner the same day.





PLENTY OF AIR IF YOU KNOW WHERE

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM and ROSE MARY MECHEM

The people who fly just for the fun of it thrill to many pleasant vistas, none any more uplifting than the sight of bumper-to-bumper traffic clogging the highways far below or the lengthy queues at the big commercial airports (*opposite*). Never mind that the sky happens to be crowded here and there, too. Private-plane enthusiasts insist that under the right circumstances, the life aloft can be as undisturbed as it is itself. One simply picks out some remote and idyllic destination, climbs into his trusty machine and carves out a slice of sky.

Flight of fancy? Well, not for the man who has a sizable bankroll, can choose agreeable weather and possesses a certain amount of skill. Somebody truly imbued with a passion for flight, a Stuart MacPherson, say, might even get by without the bankroll. MacPherson, a 23-year-old dental student at the University of Nebraska, makes do with a hoary single-engine plane called a Luscombe, a cramped two-seater that was built the same year he was born and dromes through the sky at 95 mph. MacPherson bought it secondhand for \$2,200 from his earnings as a Good Humor man and other odd jobs. It's no beauty, but it had enough get-up-and-go to transport MacPherson and his girl on a circuitous 7,500-mile trip last summer across the U.S. and Canada.

Along the way MacPherson and friend enjoyed the land as well as the sky. On occasion they dined on lake trout they hooked themselves, and when the weather allowed, they camped under the wing of the plane. For MacPherson it was a happy respite from textbooks and dental labs. "That airplane is my escape to reality," he says. "I feel like what I do when I'm not flying is unreal."

A man who flies higher, but with no less zest, is Jim Hershberger, an oil-rich Wichita sportsman whose personal Learjet, a 500-mph craft with a plush, white-carpeted interior, comes in handy for business as well as pleasure trips. In his

case, business trips are a pleasure. "I wanted my plane to be something extra," says Hershberger. "It had to be comfortable and it had to get me places fast." Himself a licensed pilot with a multi-engine rating, Hershberger leaves the controls of his \$839,000 jet to two full-time pilots who chauffeur him to Puerto Rico for parasailing, Minnesota for snowmobiling and just about everywhere to recruit prospective track stars for his alma mater, the University of Kansas.

MacPherson and Hershberger are at opposite ends of a widening spectrum of sports-minded private-plane owners who go places shunned by the commercial airliners and do so on schedules of their own making. The number of Americans who fly has increased from 360,000 a decade ago to 700,000 today and is expected to reach 1.4 million by 1980. The vast majority operate in what is called general aviation, a term encompassing all flying except that done by commercial airlines and the military. General aviation embraces flight instruction, commuter and air-taxi services, corporate aircraft and, of course, personal flying. The fact that the same plane is often used for both work and play makes estimates difficult, but a good guess is that 25% of all general aviation flying is devoted to recreation and sport.

The growth of pleasure flying owes much to the presence of a remarkable variety of sturdily built private planes that are, mercifully, more comfortable than a 1947 Luscombe and quite a bit easier on the pocketbook than a Learjet. Nor is it only daring young men who are drawn to those flying machines. There are 10,000 woman pilots in the U.S. today, some who learned to fly for no other reason than to be able to take over the controls from their husbands in case of an emergency.

The term "safety" being a relative one, it is difficult to offer any conclusive judgment on private flying. There were 1,388 fatalities in general aviation last year,

That toll will not deter people from flying nor, unhappily, will an awareness of it necessarily curb those few who insist on taking senseless risks. Still, for the pilot aware of his—and his plane's—capabilities flying need be little riskier than many routine activities, a point underscored by the Federal Aviation Agency aide who advises families driving to the airport to always go in separate cars.

The automobile, in fact, has come to be the favorite metaphor of private-plane enthusiasts. The small-plane industry has its own Big Three—Cessna, Beech and Piper—and it has further emulated Detroit by suffering through a business downturn in recent months. The venerable Piper Cub J-3, the spunky little two-seater that was discontinued in 1947, is sometimes referred to as the Model T of the sky. The ubiquitous two-seater Cessna 150, whose low cost (\$8,350) and simple design have attracted 9,000 owners, naturally brings to mind the Volkswagen. Something roomier? Among single-engine craft, the Mooney Ranger (\$19,000), a four-place bird that sails along at 168 mph, is a nice family sedan, while the Beechcraft Bonanza (\$39,000), a 203-mph craft with space for six, has been called the Cadillac of light planes. If the bigger twin-engines and turboprops belong in the limousine class, then such practical workhorses as short takeoff and landing (STOL) planes and seaplanes must be likened to jeeps and dune buggies.

There was even heady talk during the private-plane boom that followed World War II of "an airplane in every garage." While that vision seems no closer to fulfillment today, it has literally been realized by a lucky few. In California there is a sort of skyburb called Cameron Park (pages 52-53), where homes with garage-like hangars are being built and where the residents taxi their planes along out-sized streets—traffic signs are waisted—allow the wings to pass over them—linked to a communal landing strip.

continued

Nowhere does flying have a greater impact on life-styles than in the spacious West. Gerald Joseph, an Albuquerque, N. Mex. businessman, thinks nothing of flying a twin-engine Piper Artec to Conchas Lake, 160 miles away, for some early-morning waterskiing before work. With similar ease, Dr. Neil Hamel, a surgeon in Sylmar, Calif., has flown his turbo-charged Cessna 210 to drop off his son Ian, 20, and friends on camping trips high in the Sierra Nevada, then returned a day or so later to pick them up—much as another parent might take the kids to a movie.

For many, the destination matters less than the three-dimensional experience of flight itself, the chance to behold what Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, the French aviator and author, called "the true face of the earth." One pilot abides in every dapple and frown is Desiree Stuart-Alexander, a government geologist in Menlo Park, Calif., for whom an outing in her single-engine Cessna 172 is something of a husband's holiday. "We had a ball," said Desiree after ferrying three colleagues on a camping trip to Mexico last fall. "On the way we flew low and studied the sag ponds and depressions along the San Andreas fault."

One phenomenon Desiree and her fellow private pilots seldom see is other aircraft. The problem of crowded skies, and there is a problem, no mistake about it, is pretty much confined to the densely traveled commercial airline routes linking the big cities, especially the traffic patterns near such metropolitan airports as Chicago's O'Hare, Los Angeles' International and New York's Kennedy and La Guardia. Most of the name-calling on the subject embroils the major airlines and general aviation's commercial segment: the corporate aircraft, air-taxi services and commuter carriers which claim their right to use the same crowded airspace as the airliners. The pleasure pilot generally keeps out of the hassle except when he joins the crowd at a major sports event like the Super Bowl, Indianapolis 500 or Kentucky Derby.

One fact often cited by the private-plane set is this: If the entire civilian fleet of 125,000 planes flew over Arizona at the same altitude, each would have almost a square mile to itself. It is also true that there are some 10,500 airports in the U.S. (one for every 12 planes), and only 600 of them are served by commercial airlines. Even in metro-

politan areas there are many relatively uncongested secondary airports used primarily for general aviation—e.g., 24 in the Dallas-Fort Worth area, 17 around Chicago, 16 ring New York City.

The airport, brags an American Airlines radio commercial, "has come a long way." Some have, some haven't. A great many rural airports are grassy strips straight out of *Swiss Family Tree*. At the small airport in North Adams, Mass. it is possible to land and take off without delay, even during the autumn pheasant season, when dozens of planes touch down in a single day, delivering hunters, guns and dogs.

It is not quite so easy, however, to become a competent pilot, no matter what some boosters seem to imply. "Flying isn't for everybody," says Charlie Ward, a flight instructor in Danbury, Conn. "It's a lot like playing a musical instrument. Most people can learn to do it mechanically all right, but it's something you've got to feel, too."

For anyone determined to try, the test will come quickly enough. Under ordinary circumstances the beginner actually handles the plane by dual controls on the very first lesson, and the instructor may well have him experiencing the twitchy excitement of that first solo after as few as six or eight hours of flight time. Federal regulations require at least 35 hours of flight to qualify for a private license, which is necessary before one may take up passengers. In fact, however, most students usually wind up logging close to 60 hours before applying for a license—at a cost of roughly \$1,000 for the instruction fees.

If the rookie Rickenbacker decides at some point to buy a plane, the expense can be eased by going partners or, as with Stuart MacPherson and his Luscombe, by combing the secondhand market for bargains. As for buying a new plane, the aircraft manufacturers, very helpful in such matters, point out that because an airplane generally lasts longer and depreciates slower, financing is often easier to arrange than it is with—here we go again—an automobile. There is no such thing as a typical example, but two years ago Jack Elliott, a New York public-relations man, paid \$24,000 for a single-engine Piper Cherokee Arrow, a snappy four-seater. The price included \$7,000 in radio gear. Elliott threw in an older plane as down payment and arranged to pay \$345 a month.

Even after the payments end, Elliott will still have the Piper to pay. His insurance comes to \$790 a year, his hangar rental at the Morristown, N.J., airport is \$480 and the required annual safety inspection sets him back another \$225. In view of fixed costs like that, a plane obviously makes more sense the more it is used. Last year Elliott flew his Cherokee 150 hours, including expeditions for skiing in Vermont and sail-fishing in Acapulco. His operating costs, with gas and oil, came to around \$2,400, or close to 11¢ a mile. Not cheap, certainly, yet compared with a you-know-what, not all that dear either.

To hold down costs airplane owners can, ordinarily, claim as income-tax deductions the interest and local taxes they pay on their planes. For the businessman who uses his plane in pursuit of profits as well as pleasure, the tax breaks can be far greater. To explore such opportunities, the aviation magazine *Flying* arranged a group discussion among several private-plane owners. One was a Texan who habitually flew a twin-engine Beechcraft Travel Air between his men's clothing store in Dallas and a branch in Bryan, Texas, 150 miles away, which he had opened partly to justify a tax write-off for the plane. "If you own a plane," one conferee said, "you just accidentally make more money than if you don't."

Somebody like Arnold Palmer, whose tournament winnings have ebbed since he began leasing his personal Learjet two years ago, might dispute that statement. As a matter of fact, golf is one sport that has had difficulty adjusting to the airplane even though many golfers, thinking that the greens might be grasser somewhere else, have taken up flying as a way of trying out different courses around the country. To accommodate them, dozens of country clubs now have landing strips adjacent to their courses.

The trouble is, nothing distracts a golfer more than a low-flying plane. A showdown of sorts involved the fellow at the Las Positas Golf Course near Livermore, Calif., who lofted a six-iron shot into the air on the first fairway just as a small plane was coming in to land at the club's airstrip. The ball sailed through the plane's window and hit the pilot. He suffered only a small bruise, but one assumes that both he and the golfer will exercise greater care in making their approaches from now on. **END**

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When Prince Hiro of Japan visited the U.S. pavilion at Expo '70 Howard Chernoff, USIA commissioner general, greeted him, saying, "Your Highness, I suppose you would like to see the moon rock?" Chernoff supposed wrong. What His Highness, 10, really wanted to see was Babe Ruth's uniform. He was escorted on a tour of the sports exhibit, which includes murals depicting various American sports heroes. Finally a member of the royal party pointed to one of the paintings and announced "Babe Ruth!" "That is not Babe Ruth," the prince informed him coldly. "That is Lou Gehrig."

"There's only one way to really get the feel of it, and that's to get right in over your head," says Congressman Richard McCarthy (D., N.Y.), speaking, ugh, of water pollution. McCarthy is against it, and on the theory that you should know your enemy—or something—he has scuba-dived into Lake Erie and, most recently, the Hudson River in Manhattan. "The Hudson is much worse," he reports. "Lake Erie is a pristine body of water compared to the Hudson. I went down six or seven feet, but it was just total blackness. I couldn't find the bottom."

♦ "Out of it" now describes former Oakland Linebacker Chip Oliver—well out of it, that is. Last January he joined a commune in Larkspur, Calif., so you can figure, if you want to, that it's costing him \$25,000 a year to scrub down the commune's nonprofit, health-food restaurant tables. He figures that a fifth of that money just "went down the drain in Vietnam—now Cambodia," and says, "That's one reason I quit. The only way not to pay taxes is not to make money." There are other rea-

sons. "It's a silly game they're playing," he says of the pros. "I'm going to miss playing football—the actual football part of it—but I'd look up at the people in the stadium and realize I wasn't helping them. I wasn't helping anybody. All we're doing in pro football is entertaining these people and . . . they need to do their own creative thing." A vegetarian diet, periodic fasting and yoga have cut Chip's weight down to a tough 180 pounds from his playing weight of 230. He has cut his worldly possessions down to a few old clothes and an Instamatic camera. He is a happy man. "Even my mother likes me better this way," he says. "So does my father [a retired Army sergeant], but he's afraid to admit it. He doesn't like me associating with these Communists."

Some years ago David Hartman, 6'5" star of TV's *The Bold Ones*, kept in shape taking dance classes. This spring in Montreal the Expos' Bob Bailey was saying to him, "You gonna um [sunt] up?" and, as Hartman observes, "it's a little more fun to um

up." All work and no play, he said, was leaving him "a sleeve-headed, babbling idiot," so for his second vacation in 10 years Hartman wangled his way into the San Francisco Giants workouts. Enough of a ballplayer to have turned down semipro bids after high school—he went to Duke instead for a degree in economics—Hartman traveled with the Giants to Japan, Montreal and New York, "doing everything they did. Before games I threw batting practice, grabbed a bat and took a few swings, then ran with the pitchers, did calisthenics, came back and did a small amount of the infield. I'm in super shape." The deal hasn't hurt the Giants, either. Ron Hunt credits his early-season 4-for-4 pinch hitting to Hartman's pitching. "He throws a funny-looking thing," Hunt says. "After trying to follow his stuff in practice I went out and hit two home runs. That never happened to me before."

Bob Taft Jr., who recently won the Republican senatorial nomination in Ohio, is an avid, if bumbling, sportsman who has always been able to take his sporting defeats in stride. He jokes about his football career at Yale, where he was, as he says, "the first player in history to play three years on the junior varsity without ever moving up to the varsity." Indeed, as a senior, he was honored as the most dedicated JV player. Taft also went out for freshman crew but put his foot through the shell in a final practice session before, of all things, the Yale-Harvard races. He recalls: "That was an unpardonable sin. The shell keeper had to stay up all night with sandpaper and patch to have the shell ready for the race. I think we lost, and I never went out for crew again. I went back to my squash play-



ing." Which he still enjoys, along with fishing, paddle ball and golf. The day after his primary victory over Jim Rhodes he played nine holes. And how did he do? "Not well," Taft admits. But he keeps trying.

♦ John Lindsay Jr. doesn't let a flower bed stand between him and an autographed basketball. Particularly when he's in his own backyard at New York's Gracie Mansion, where his father, Mayor John Lindsay, was host at a reception in honor of the world champion Knicks. One hopes that young John's early interest in the game will keep him from duplicating daddy's *four pas*. His Honor made a notable goof in confusing the military and expansion draft. Referring to Don May, Bill Hosket and John Warren, he said: "Unfortunately three members of the team have been drafted by Uncle Sam." Piped up Warren, the only one of the three present, "I was drafted by Uncle Cleveland, not Uncle Sam."



Good pitch but no no-hit

Better than Bob Feller, Bob Lemon, Mike Garrea and Early Wynn of the Indians. Better than Allie Reynolds, Whitey Ford and Vic Raschi of the Yankees. Better than Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Johnny Podres of the Dodgers. These four are going to be the best there ever was."

That was Met Pitching Coach Rube Walker talking about Tom Seaver, Jerry Koosman, Gary Gentry and Nolan Ryan. And that was early Saturday evening, when all that his Big Four had done so far was turn in one 19-strikeout game (Seaver), two 15-strikeout games (Seaver and Ryan), three one-hitters (Seaver, Ryan and Gentry), a two-hitter (Ryan) and two three-hitters (Seaver and Ryan).

No sooner had Walker predicted his charges' immortality than Koosman, who had been the least successful of the four this year, commenced beating the Phillies with a four-hit shutout—which meant, since two of the aforementioned one-hit gems had been fashioned in the Mets' last two outings, that in three consecutive games Gentry, Seaver and Koosman had given up a total of six hits and no runs. For the season the four phenoms lumped together were averaging eight strikeouts and six hits per nine-inning game, and their combined ERA (2.29) was better than that of all but three individual non-Met starters in the National League. It appeared that the Mets had come up with what they have been slowly putting together for two or three years: the best front-line pitching staff in the world—and maybe ever.

Ryan, who had finger-blister problems last year and whom the Mets have been loath to push too fast, seems close to establishing himself as a reliable starter as well as the hardest thrower around, and Gentry, with 17 pounds added to his frame since '69, has come into his own. His one-hitter last week was a no-hitter until an off-the-glove single to left in the eighth, and the nearest umpire informed leftfielder Dave Marshall that he could have shoestrunged the spoiler had he held his glove differently.

Leftfielder who? Leftfielder Dave Marshall. Cleon Jones was on the bench with a bad case of sub-.200 hitting and no home runs. And here we go again with the old story of good-pitch, no-hit Mets. So far Jones and Tommie Agee, the only Mets over .300 this time last year, have hit weakly, and as a team the Mets are 10th in batting.

Then again, they finished the week in a virtual tie for first place in the East and were two games over .500. This time last year they were still third, still trying to get over .500 and still two weeks away from their big no-return surge past the break-even point. Jones, back in the lineup Saturday, went 2 for 5 in support of Koosman's shutout. There's plenty of time yet.

THE WEEK

NL EAST As the Mets ascended on the strength of all those fine young arms, the CHICAGO Cubs were faltering, largely because something seemed wrong with the fine old attitude of Ferguson Jenkins. Fergie, the only pitcher to win 20 or more games in each of the last three years, was 2 and 5 with an ERA of 4.76 when Leo Durocher called him in for an hour-long heart-to-heart. "I'd just call it a lack of concentration," said Durocher. "Somebody else might say he's too lackadaisical. Or maybe he's staying up late at night." Durocher had just learned that the Jenkinses had adopted a baby girl two months ago. On Sunday Jenkins lost again. For Ernie Banks it was the week of his 1,600th RBI and 500th home run. Richie Allen lent fuel to speculation that a statue of him may be platoonized with that of Stan Musial by toasting the cheering crowd in a St. Louis bar. "When I walked into a bar like this in Philadelphia," he announced, "I was booed." Mike Shannon, out since March with a kidney ailment, returned to action, enabling Allen to play first base and concentrate on his hitting while Shannon worried about playing third. PITTSBURGH's Roberto Clemente hit a home run and made two memorable catches but felt called upon

to apologize, despite a .360 average, "I don't been swinging but right." Everybody at PHILADELPHIA don't been: the Phillies lost five more last week to extend their losing streak to 10. Nothing broke very well for MONTRIAL, either. For example, a hilarious home crowd gave Joe Searna a standing ovation for throwing 22 balls, including 10 straight, out of 28 pitches.

CHI 12-13 NY 16-16 ST. L 16-16
PIT 12-20 PHI 13-21 MONT 12-21

NL WEST Suddenly CINCINNATI couldn't hit in four games through Saturday the hubertous thundersome Reds' team average was .178. But the Reds stayed out ahead of the pack with their 1970-style good pitching. Jim Merritt four-hit the Pirates, Jim McGlothlin inflicted upon the Braves their first shutout defeat since last Sept. 16 and Merritt came back with his eighth win, 5-1 over the Braves. Observers paid more attention to Henry Aaron's quest for his 3,000th hit (page 30) than to whether ATLANTA was winning and, as a matter of fact, the Braves were losing more often than not. RICO Curry's batting streak ended at 31 games, thanks to McGlothlin. LOS ANGELES announced completion of an enclosed, heated chamber for its bullpen. "They should install those seats all over and sell them," said ace reliever Jim Brewer. "The heaters are adjustable as to temperature, and it's just like seeing a game on a big screen." For SAN FRANCISCO, injured Willie McCovey's place at first was taken by Willie Mays, who fiddled well enough to indicate where his station could be after he passes 50. Mays also had his second two-homer game of the season, and other Giants were hitting. But the pitching, even by Juan Marchal, who has lost speed since his recent sickness, was awful. MONSTER won three straight on the road, including one against the Dodgers, the Astros' first win this year on natural turf. Houston also brought up a pitcher named Scipio Spinks, who, when informed that with a name like that he would have to be either great or a flake, said, "You've got to be something of a flake to play this game. But I'm going to try my best to become one of the great ball-players in the game." Then SAN DIEGO reached him for six runs in six innings. That and Danny Coombs' first big-league shutout were the high points of the Padres' week.

MINN 17-10 LA 20-10 ATL 19-16
HOUS 18-19 SF 18-20 SD 17-22

AL EAST BALTIMORE continued to prevail, as Pete Richert won one and saved two in relief. Over 12½ innings through Friday, Pistol Pete had yielded no runs on three hits and had struck out 20. Richert's win, against the Senators, resulted from an uncommon play in the ninth. With the bases loaded and one out, Boog Powell hit into what looked like a double play, and a happy band of Sen-

continued



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There is a cigarette for the two of you. L&M.

ators headed for the clubhouse. Then the first-base umpire reversed his out signal—First Baseman Mike Epstein had failed to hold the on-the-dart throw that seemed to have ended the game. Meanwhile the tying run had scored and the winning run would have scored in the confusion, except that, as Oriole Third Base Coach Billy Hunter explained, "I shouted 'go ahead' three times" to runner Don Buford, "and still he wouldn't go. He kept looking at me as if I was crazy. Finally he did go . . . too late." So the Orioles had to wait until the fifth to win. New York came up with a rarity for the Yankees—a complete game. It was only the team's second of the season, and it was by Stan Bahnen, who also logged the first. Bahnen's six-hitter was the first of two victories for the second-place Yanks over Detroit, whose losing streak stretched to five. None of the Tigers' remaining big three, Mickey Lolich, Earl Wilson and Joe Niekro, has won a game in the month of May, and Manager Mayo Smith seemed to be on the spot. "It's about time we got started," said Boston's Carl Yastrzemski, as the Red Sox returned from a 2-7 road trip. But Sam McDowell shut them out 3-0. WASHINGTON hit .191 for the

week and, understandably enough, didn't win a game. The Senators' loss streak advanced to nine. McDowell's victory in Boston, his fifth, was CLEVELAND's sole win all week. "McDowell is only 27," said Manager Al Dark. "He's just reaching maturity."

BALT 24-8 NY 19-18 DET 15-12
BOST 18-17 WASH 12-20 CLEV 11-10

AL WEST

When Earl Weaver was quoted as saying that MINNESOTA was hitting more this year under Bill Rigney than last year under Billy Martin, the latter reacted: "Let me say, I could win with the Baltimore team under any condition: a salami and a pizza in my mouth, two big cheeses in my ears, blindfolded and not knowing the situation." He also promised to belt Weaver—if he ever got back into baseball. Cesar Tovar took off on the hit-and-run and was past second base when Rod Carew's fly to center was caught. Tovar raced back to first in time but without touching second as prescribed. Weaver came out to protest, and time was called. Tovar, standing on first, was told by Baltimore First Baseman Boog Powell that he hadn't touched second. So he ran over and slid into that base. Then, tired of

all the embarrassment and hassle, he got up and went to the dugout. Teammate Rich Reese told him to go back to first, but Tovar said, "No way." Baltimore threw to first, and Tovar was out on a five-minute double play. CALIFORNIA was hot on the Twins' heels, thanks in large part to a brilliant bullpen. Ken Tatum, Greg Garret, Eddie Fisher and Paul Doyle were 6-1 and had a collective 1.03 ERA for the year. OAKLAND was hanging in there in third place, waiting for Reggie Jackson to start hitting. "My roomie," said Chuck Dobson of Jackson, "is a fine and sensitive athlete. He may seem to be laughing it off but I know he's dying." Luis Aparicio of CHICAGO, leading the league at the time with a .370 average, was asked if he'd ever had so high a mark five weeks into the season. "No," he said, "not even in Venezuela." KANSAS CITY southpaw Jim Rooker said, "I just don't feel comfortable here. I wish Metro would get rid of me." Then he pitched an 11-inning complete-game victory and drove in five runs himself. The MILWAUKEE Brewers beat the Braves, formerly of that city, in an exhibition game 1-0. It didn't count.

MINN 22-10 CAL 23-12 OAK 18-18
CHI 15-18 KC 10-21 MIL 11-23

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HARNESS RACING / William F. Reed

Max is in luck with Truluck

Although long devoted to trotting, Max Hochberg was fortunate when his mighty Torpid came along. After a decade he's in the money again

His friends in harness racing all know Max Hochberg as "the man in gray." He wears gray suits, carries gray luggage and even has gray frames on the funny half-glasses that teeter precariously on the tip of his nose. As horse owners go, Max is hardly a big-time operator. His racing stable includes only 10 horses and his office is in the trunk of his gray car. Nevertheless, thanks to a very special pacing colt, Max's gray suits should be seen this summer in important winner's circles all around the country.

The colt's name is Truluck, and all the barnyard experts agree that the sport has seen very few like him. Last year, as a 2-year-old, Truluck made a bigger impression than any pacer since the mighty Bret Hanover. Besides winning 19 of his 24 starts for \$164,361, Truluck also tied a world record by pacing seven miles under the two-minute barrier—including a season's record of 1:57.2 on a mile track. His potential so impressed millionaire Louis Resnick, who owned half of trotting's great Neville Pride, that late in the summer Resnick talked Max into selling him a half-interest in Truluck for a substantial sum—"not less than \$600,000, and not more than a million," as Max likes to put it with a coy smile.

"But I still make all the decisions," said Max, emphatically, one morning last week. "That was part of the deal. Of course, I consult with Resnick before I do something, but I am the one who will decide where the colt will race and where he will go to stud."

This year Truluck is nominated for stakes worth more than \$1 million and he quickly was established as the early favorite for the top prize in pacing—the \$100,000 Little Brown Jug late this summer at Delaware, Ohio. Last Friday night the colt made his season's debut at The Meadows, Del. Miller's pleasant little track in the foothills near Washington,

Pa., and—of course—Hochberg was very much in evidence, wearing one of his gray suits and trying hard to contain himself after Truluck pulled away in the stretch for an easy victory in the \$18,956 Pennsylvania Sires Stakes.

When the race started, Truluck was already two lengths off the pace, thanks mainly to his peculiar habit of bobbing around right up until the starting gate pulls away. "He almost looks like he's lame," said his trainer, Allan Young. "Any other horse and I would be worried, but he does that all the time."

Once on the pace, however, Truluck got serious and settled into the fifth, and last, position as the field went into the first turn on the five-eighths track. He was still last coming past the stands for the first time, and the fans were looking at each other and beginning to wonder why they had bet Truluck down to 1 to 9. They soon found out. When the field hit the half-mile pole Truluck's driver, George Sholtz, took him to the outside. As Truluck swept past, the rest of



MAX, HIS PACER AND DRIVER SHOLTZ

the field suddenly looked as if it was pacing in reverse and a big "whoooo" came rolling out of the stands. Now the only question was what the winning time would be. When Truluck passed under the lighted finish line, the scoreboard flashed the time 2:01.2, but that was less impressive than his 58.1 seconds for the last half mile. That's not bad any time, much less for the first race of the year, and later, in the paddock, Sholy was smiling and telling Hochberg that Truluck wasn't even trying. "I never did clock to him, never moved a hair on him," said Sholy. "All I tried to do was steady him. He was just cake walking out there."

For Hochberg, now 62 years old, bald, plump and unmarried, the success of Truluck represents a sort of sentimental comeback. Until now he was best known as the man who raced Torpid, winner of the 1957 Little Brown Jug and \$187,000 before an injury forced him to retire to stud after his 3-year-old campaign. Since then Max has been biding his time, building up his modest breeding business and waiting for Torpid to sire a super colt. Now, in Truluck, Max is back on top, and his outlook, unlike his suits, is anything but gray.

The race at The Meadows was the beginning of what will be a 30,000-mile summer odyssey for Hochberg, who is not the sort of horse owner who just pays bills and collects trophies. Having worked out Truluck's schedule of races, Hochberg will follow his colt everywhere, driving alone from track to track, living out of his suitcases, running his business out of his car and his suit pockets. This is partly because Max is a real nut about the sport, a man who likes to hang around the barn and talk racing, but also because Max is essentially a businessman who is keenly concerned with the well-being of his investment.

"When fate declares that you have a horse like this, a horse worth over a million dollars, you can't be fickle—you have to stay with him," says Max. "So my office and my home are really in my car, and I pay my bills as I go along. I can do it because I don't have a wife or children to tie me down. Oh, sure, it gets lonesome sometimes, but I love the sport. I love to read about it, talk about it and think about it, so that I don't really have any spare time."

How Max got so involved in harness racing is not so much a tale of true

continued

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luck, but of perseverance, intelligence and hard work. The son of Austrian immigrant parents, Max grew up in Newark, N.J. and entered New York University in 1924. His last year at NYU was also his first year in the New Jersey Law School and, in addition to handling two full school loads, Max held down a full-time bookkeeping job. The schedule turned Max into a hard-line believer in the formative powers of hard work. "That's the trouble with these kids today," he says, off on one of his favorite tangents. "Nobody wants to settle down and work for anything. All they want to do is play and have a good time. I think every young man should have to serve at least two years in the Army, too, because that's where you learn to respect authority."

He speaks, at least, from experience. After working seven years as a legal consultant for an oil firm, Max was drafted into the Army Air Force in 1942. But 3½ years later, when he was discharged as an Intelligence officer, Hochberg had

a problem when he thought about returning to the law. New Jersey had adopted a new constitution which so changed New Jersey law that he would have had to return to school for six months of refresher courses. Finding that prospect unappealing, Max began to drift. A friend took him to Roosevelt Raceway, he won a few bets and soon he was investigating the business side of the sport.

After a few false starts he bought a big-chested colt, Tar's Dream, in 1951 from a man named—believe it or not—Gray Renamed Torrid, the colt earned \$147,000, and Max was hooked for good. He kept breeding Torrid's parents to each other, and in 1954 along came a big, lazy colt that Max finally named Torpid. "Torrid earned enough to pay for the staking and bills for Torpid," says Max, "and after Torpid got in the stud, his fees paid the bills for the long years until Truluck came along."

The name Truluck came from an old family name in Allen Young's ancestry

but it soon proved to be quite appropriate in a different sense. Max had hoped to sell him as a yearling for a nice price, like maybe \$10,000, but the colt came up with two splints that forced Max to keep him. "I decided to race him as a 2-year-old," he said, "and try to sell him again after that season." Later, of course, Max saw the colt work out at Allan Young's training base, and immediately, he says, "I knew he was going to be a great one."

Now, with the money from Resnick already in hand and thousands more anticipated from Truluck's racing and stud career, the man in gray will never again have to worry about where his next gray suit comes from. "But this is what you have in the horse business," says Max. "Here you have a normal man struggling for a living, and overnight he has made a million I don't know of anywhere you can make it bigger quicker than in the horse game, but that's the romance of it."

Or maybe just true luck.

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One team, anyway, says, Yes, Virginia

Tradition, staunchly underpinned by the spirit and architecture set down 145 years ago by Thomas Jefferson and thickly padded with a peculiar Jeffersonian nomenclature, weighs heavily at the University of Virginia. Everyone from the president to the low man in the freshman class is addressed as mister, a reflection of the egalitarian tone Jefferson sought to infuse in the "academical village" he founded and designed. According to Jefferson and generations of Virginia students, the main quadrangle is not a quadrangle but the Lawn; the campus is the Grounds; living quarters are "ranges" and "pavilions." Ironically, though Jefferson was possibly the most influential radical thinker in American history, the most pervasive of all the traditions that have flourished under the massive Corinthian columns and the lofty dome of the Rotunda, which Jefferson planned as Virginia's main building, has been the school's essential conservatism.

A more recent trend at Virginia has been the school's decline in athletics. After years of glory in sports as diverse as boxing and football the Cavaliers settled into a 20-year slump. The football team has played one winning season since 1952. The basketball team has had 16 straight losing seasons.

Last week a number of Virginia traditions were under attack. Construction crews worked on new buildings devoid of colonnades. The suddenly unconservative students were on strike in protest against the Cambodian invasion and the shooting at Kent State. The lacrosse team was headed for the school's first national title since 1952. And, unlike the situation at most colleges where the activists and athletes are rarely the same

people, at Virginia the new lacrosse champs were on strike against classes, too.

Since the first NCAA championship playoff in lacrosse will not occur until next year, the Cavaliers can only share the national title this season with Johns Hopkins and Army or Navy, each of whom has one loss. Virginia's record became 8-1 when the team beat Washington & Lee 19-3 and Hofstra 14-3 last week. The Cavaliers, who are very likely the best of this spring's championship trio, can easily wait a year to prove it in a playoff, since the team, beginning with 25-year-old Coach Glenn Thiel, is young and will be around a while. Only four seniors and six juniors are on the 31-man squad, and the two top scorers are Attackmen Jay Connor, a 5' 6" sophomore with a sturdy build and quick stick, and Tommy Duquette, a freshman who already shows signs of developing into the best offensive player in college anywhere. Virginia's three best seniors, Defenseman Doug Hilbert and Midfielders Jim Potter and Charles Rullman, are All-America candidates and certainly will not go unmissed. Hilbert allowed his opponents only one goal in his final nine games, and Potter was the first lacrosse player ever selected as best athlete at Virginia. Rullman is so slippery that Maryland set up a special zone defense each time he handled the ball. The Cavaliers still won 9-3.

It was Duquette, however, who provided the surprising play Virginia needed to move up from its fourth-place ranking of a year ago. In the Cavaliers' first important win this spring—15-8 over powerful Hopkins—Duquette scored seven of his team-leading 24 goals, a startling showing for a player who was not considered good enough to make a Baltimore schoolboy All-Star team as an attackman last year. Thiel switched Duquette to behind attack this spring and quickly found out how useful his long, gliding strides could be. "Our first game was against Mount Washington, and they put Hank Kaestner on me. He was a three-time All-America at Hopkins," says Duquette. "I was so afraid of him I just started running around behind the goal to stay away from him, and it worked. I used to just stand around, but I've found out that if the defenseman's worried about keeping up with you, he can't bother about taking the ball away."

Duquette now rarely has an opportunity to stand still because of Thiel's emphasis on physical conditioning. Coaches routinely say that lacrosse games are won by the team that picks up the most ground balls, a frustrating aspect of the game demanding more stamina than skills. In its big victories over Maryland and Hopkins, Thiel's team fielded 42 more grounders than its opponents. The Cavaliers trailed in this category in only one game, their 11-7 loss to Navy. Virginia is also well coached in technique. It has won 61% of its face-offs, primarily because of Potter's expertise at center midfield, and has been successful on an outstanding 80% of its clears.

Thiel, whose father coached him at Penn State and who spent the past two seasons coaching a junior college in Baltimore, did not bother to apply for the Virginia job when it became available last spring. "I hesitated until August," he recalls. "I didn't think they'd hire some 25-year-old for the job and besides I was teaching in a school where we had a lot of ghetto kids and I had a draft deferment. I was afraid if I came to Virginia I'd love it."

A coach who feels threatened by the draft is apt to look on war protesters somewhat differently from his older colleagues. When Thiel's players asked before the Maryland game to wear red arm bands knotted on their uniform jersey sleeves as a sign of sympathy with the student strike, he permitted it on the basis of individual choice. Eighty percent of the Cavaliers wore them, and a wide majority of the team—along with most of Virginia's football players—signed petitions supporting the strike, which by last week had virtually closed down the undergraduate school.

"I was opposed to the arm bands at first," says Potter. "I thought it would take guys' minds off the game. But it got clear that so many of them felt so strongly about this that they had to have the right to show it." The Maryland-Virginia game was played on the Cavaliers' home field, which is called The Parking Lot, not from tradition, but because of its hardness. The field was surrounded by police who were bivouacked in the adjacent basketball arena. As the red-arm-banded Cavaliers swept to their victory, it was obvious that several traditions, athletic and political, were in trouble at Virginia.

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BOXING / Mark Kram

*No longer
a legend, but
not all hoax*

Marcel Cerdan's American debut proved that he has his father's heart but not his skills or punch

Of all human frustrations, one of the sharpest must be that of a man with powerful ambition and aching desire whose talent, he discovers, will never match the rumble of his drive. It is a common defeat, a secret one for many, but no amount of guile can hide the result—and it was nakedly evident last week in Madison Square Garden when Marcel Cerdan Jr. finally emerged from his mausoleum of memories and poked his nose at reality.

What he saw, of course, no one will ever know. The swooning reaction in the French provinces, where he had labored for most of his 47 fights, his manager's handling of him as a rare jewel and his own strange cobweb of a dream, perhaps may never allow the intrusion of hard truth.

The zest, the motion, even the thrilling purity of ring excellence—only at best a blur—is observable, and it begs critical generosity. For all of us, too, it is difficult not to be touched by the romance of his story: the classic example of the son wanting to be the father; a young man who has moved through life haunted by a ghostly clank of armor; his painful and embarrassing need for approval. No one, even in a properly cynical time, likes to see a good dream die.

Certainly one could sense that the Garden crowd understood. Of the 10,767, most of them belonged to his opponent, Donato Paduano, but at first there was not the usual indiscriminate roaring. Even though Paduano was ineffectual early in the bout, it was still the sound of a crowd that seemed first inter-

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BOXING (continued)

idated by a legend and then surprised that there was a scrap of credibility to it. Unfortunately, it was only a scrap. Against Paduano, to whom he lost a 10-round decision, Cerdan exhibited neither strength nor the ring stealth that his most fervent admirers said he had.

Comparisons to Cerdan's father, a French hero and an electric fighter, are irrelevant and unfair. Critical appraisal must be confined to what he did against an ordinary fighter, one who cannot punch or put combinations together. Because he is of special interest to the Garden, Paduano (inferior to legends who have been left to decay by Matchmaker Teddy Brenner) has been pushed far beyond his ability. Had Cerdan beaten Paduano, he could at least have had a shot at being an authentic failure. As it is, he is now just another fighter who, out of humaneness, would not even be allowed to work in a Philadelphia gym. But he has not failed. He has never been in a position to fail. He has simply been a marketable item, discreetly distributed to the point where he could come to the Garden and demand \$40,000 to realize an obsessive longing. His sincerity as a fighter is not in question, only his motivation, which is plausible but is unable to sustain him in the ring.

It is not easy for a son to follow a father. Cerdan was in a particularly delicate position in his American debut. From his dossier in France he seemed bound for disaster. Instead, with the help of Paduano, he salvaged the evening. His pace was fast, his jab (which had him ahead after six rounds) was annoying and there were brief glimpses of ring refinement. On the attack, however, he rarely positioned himself to punch, and when he did it was only to contain his opponent. He simply did not have any bad intentions. On the defense he did not have the vaguest idea what to do with his head.

Paduano, trailing, say, 4-2, and bleeding terribly from an unintentional hurt in the fifth, turned the fight around after the sixth. With a stiff, not excessively quick jab and several decent punches, he won the last four rounds. Cerdan tired badly, and the fatigue was there in his face as he sat, holding a bottle of champagne, before the press. He seemed vastly relieved, and one hoped he would never hear the clank of armor anymore.

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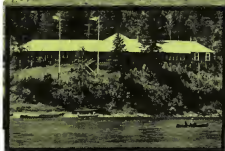
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The salmon has long lured millionaire sportsmen to Canada's Restigouche. They came first by houseboat 80 years ago and later built stately lodges. Today anglers instinctively return—but the fish are scarce

A River Running out of Eden

by Pat Ryan



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREENHARRIS

Spring comes slowly on the Restigouche. Just now the birch and aspen are leafing out in the cold Canadian forest. In the clearings plow horses hunch their backs to the slanting rain, and smoke curls from shack chimneys. Only dandelions along the road edges brighten the winter-worn land, and children gather bunches of them, delighting in the gold profusion. The potholes rutted in roads by winter storms are marked by sticks topped with red flags, and drivers run a slalom course between the poles. The sparse, dour settlements where wrecked autos, discarded tires and rusting Coca-Cola signs are hoarded (for a rainy

day and a leaky roof) stir languidly. The green canoes used by fishermen on the Restigouche are hoisted on saw-horses, painted and left to dry. Families pick fiddleheads along the river, and nine- and 10-year-olds with match-stick rods wade the narrow trout streams. They stop at the Robinsonville Bridge looking—bankering—each morning and each night for the first run of salmon. The young eyes know the riverbed, its eddies and dark shadows. Generation after generation of guides have taught their sons—“No, salmon will not lie there. Look beyond the rock, or down there by the pilings.” The river seldom *continues*

changes, its bottom or its banks, and salmon and fishermen return each year to these same pools, marked by a white stone, a bent fir or a ripple.

The Restigouche River, with its wealthy fishermen and wealth of fish, its eccentric guides, its lore and its tradition, probably bespeaks the sport of salmon fishing better than any other body of water on this continent. Ninety years ago, in bowlers and knickers, the biggest of America's new-money men with names that still shake the halls of finance—Belmont, Whitney, Lorillard, Vanderbilt—went north to fish the Restigouche. Ham and bacon hung from the rafters of their sod-sealed cabins and whiskey was on the shelves.

They were hardy men who slept in spruce-bough beds and enjoyed the roughness of the wilderness sport, but there were limits. The pork got rusty and the flour wet, so eventually Stanford White, the architect of these men's marble-and-vermilion palaces in Newport and New York, was brought to the Res-

tigouche to build more lavish camps. White's weathered lodges still stand on the river bluffs, remarkable structures made of hand-hewn balsam, with dovetail corners and cedar shingles. The grand rustic simplicity established then became a way of life on the Restigouche. Other Americans bought fishing rights on the river, and their presence became so pervasive that the river people for generations have set their watches by U.S. time, which is an hour different from local New Brunswick time.

The Restigouche, strong and vigorous, runs north along the Quebec-New Brunswick border. Salmon and snake fossils are found along its banks, the shards of prehistory; a man's boot that has turned to stone is picked up on the shore. The area's Micmac Indians recount legends of a primeval age when God made their first canoe of birch bark, cedar, hemlock and juniper, and set it in this Eden, bountiful with salmon, shad, wildfowl and moose. In the 1500s French Explorer Jacques Cartier, looking for a sea

route to the East, sailed up the Bay of Chaleur and encountered the Micmacs and their verdant land. French traders and missionaries followed, and afterward the British, who, with a final naval skirmish on the Restigouche, won Canada from France. By the end of the 18th century thousands of barrels of salted salmon, cod, herring and fur and feathers were being shipped each year from Restigouche trading posts. In 1824 a trader wrote of the Micmacs' taking 3,000 salmon in their nets in two nights. Many of the fish had weighed 40 and 50 pounds, some even 60. Stylized engravings of the Indians spearing salmon on the Restigouche appeared in London shops, and by the 1850s sportsmen were fly-fishing on the river.

In 1867 one traveler, crossing the portage to the headwaters of the river, "found the trunks of trees covered with names, initials and ancient dates nearly overgrown with newly formed bark. It was the custom of all those who crossed the portage to make his mark." Early

A PAGE FROM THE GOOD PAST



Memories are silver at Grog Island Camp where there were extraordinary mornings of sport, this one in 1934. Three anglers (above) pose with guides and the salmon they killed in four hours. In 1890s Camp Harmony sportsmen (upper right), including club founders William H. and Dean Sage, gather in front of lodge that Architect Stanford White built. Guides then were Micmac Indians (lower right).



journals described the singular men who settled along the river. An English bachelor built a miniature Norman castle, a house eight feet high and 30 feet long, with many turrets. In splendid solitude he consumed large quantities of plum pudding and vintage wine and read the *Edinburgh Review*. There was a retired sea captain who had shuttled porcelain and opium in the China Trade. And there was Daniel Fraser, described as a "monarch of no small realm." Fraser employed more than 100 men—fishing, trapping, lumbering and farming. He cleared a thousand acres in the swale where the Matapédia River flows into the Restigouche and planted the fields in grain. He had a dairy herd, horses and sheep, and operated a blacksmith shop, store, trading house, inn and a telegraph and post office. It was to Fraser's in 1880 that the first American millionaires came with their fly rods in quest of the salmon.

One of these men was Dean Sage, heir to a lumber fortune and owner of forests that spanned the U.S. He left a vivid description of those early days in a book he wrote and published privately, *The Restigouche and Its Salmon Fishing*. (The spelling of the river's name has varied.) The gold-embossed volume was printed in Edinburgh in 1888. Only 105 copies were made—25 for sale in the U.S., 25 for sale in England, 50 for private presentations and five for public libraries. Sage, a Victorian gentleman from Albany, N.Y., was sometimes amused and sometimes a little horrified by his discoveries. He visited a Micmac camp and saw there a painting showing St. Anne appearing before a warrior. The Indian had a head of curls, whiskers and a uniform with epaulettes like a British admiral, but "his lower extremities were clad in a less civilized manner," Sage noted.

Efforts made to put an end to the Micmacs' gusty swearing were apparently fruitless. "It was impossible," Sage wrote, "to convey to them any idea of the morals of the thing." If an Indian were asked at breakfasttime to cook an egg, the man would exclaim heartily, "By God, I'll do it," and disappear

continued

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to the kitchen. The cooking could hardly be called *haute cuisine*. No breakfast, lunch or dinner was prepared unless the fishermen specifically ordered the meal, because the Micmacs did not understand the white men's custom of eating three times a day.

On one occasion Sage ordered a festive meal for some lady guests who were arriving in camp that evening. (Female guests were not uncommon. Some were wives. Some were not.) The Indian cook was given the menu in the morning and several hours later, as an afterthought, Sage told him, "You may give us some of that canned corn for dinner." The man discarded the first menu and served in its place a heaping bowl of corn. Sage concluded, "The Indians have imperfect mental development." After a few such experiences, fishermen took to bringing along Cordon Bleu cooks (one, as a parting but futile gesture, left his recipe book with the Micmacs).

For several summers Sage and his friends lived in tents and then in 1885 they built a rude cabin at the point where the Restigouche bends and meets the Upsalquitch. Mornings and evenings the men would fish and afternoons they would sit on their piazza, as they called it, with a meditative pipe. They named the place Camp Harmony. They would stay six weeks (marking off the days on a beam) and kill perhaps 800 salmon. On their departure a guide would play a wailing tune on his fiddle, providing the only unharmonious moment of the season.

Three fishing clubs—Camp Harmony, Kedgwick Lodge and the Restigouche Salmon Club—were established in those first days and they remain the most prominent camps on the river, controlling the prime fishing waters. In 1895 Stanford White replaced the log cabin at Camp Harmony with a stately lodge. The wood was hewn by hand and the marks of the axes are still visible on the age-blanching pine. The camp is typical of White's Restigouche architecture, built at an elbow of the river looking both up and downstream. Two wings of unfinished pine-plank bedrooms (eight in all) run out from a central clubhouse.

Since the first days when the bewhiskered founders hung their buffalo and caribou trophies on the walls and settled in, little has changed. On any late afternoon these summers the sitting room is drowsy with comfort—deep chairs and a spluttering fire. Pucks of cards are stacked on a green baize-covered table. The Aladdin gas lamps have been converted to electricity but third- and fourth-generation Sages use the old stiff pens on the inkstand to record their angling triumphs in the leatherbound club books. The camp's present membership also includes former du Pont Company President Laminot du P. Copeland and several other members of the wealthy Wilmington family.

Harmony has had histrionic moments, not the least of them when Harry Payne Whitney tipped over his canoe and was rescued, thrashing on the river bottom in his knickers. And there is the unappetizing story of the dead man in the drinking water. The Micmacs had been told never to set foot in Mill Brook, the spring that supplied Harmony's water. Heedless, a group of them was diving for a 50¢ piece in the clear pool one afternoon when one Indian drowned. The others, apprehensive about the consequences, left the drowned man there and did not confess what had happened for several days.

Despite (or perhaps because of) the Indians' antics and their incorrigibly rough manner, some fishermen liked having them as guides. The experience was usually entertaining, at least in retrospect. Once a lady at Camp Harmony insisted that her Indian guide sit for his portrait. When she completed the sketch she asked the Indian what he thought of it. "Damn ugly," he said and stomped off. At another Restigouche camp a Micmac guide was noted for taking sportsmen out fishing in the morning and—before they had made their first cast—snuffing the air and declaring, "By God, no fish. Guess we go home." The anglers would object, and the guide, if he was in a contrary mood, would threaten to upset the canoe in mid-river. The men waited until they were on more solid

ground before continuing the argument.

The most celebrated confrontations between millionaire and guide were the Archie Rogers vs. Peter Gray matches. Rogers was a bristling man who spent his life and much of his money in sporting pursuits; Gray was his guide of long standing. The scene was Kedgwick Lodge, the second of the river's distinguished clubs. The bellows of the two men could be heard for half a mile. "You damned old red man," Rogers would shout. "You don't know where to fish." Gray's replies were usually equal to the occasion. One afternoon, after being drenched by a downpour while fishing, Rogers took Peter to the lodge and poured him a jigger of whiskey. It was a rare occasion, certainly, for sportsmen on the river never gave liquor to an Indian. Rogers held the small glass to the light and, relishing the moment, said, "Now, Peter, I want you to know this is over 100 years old."

"By God," Gray declared, "he's small for his age."

This uncommon fellowship lasted 46 years until Rogers died. Now Peter Gray's grandson guides Archie Rogers' great-grandson at Kedgwick Lodge.

The Indians remain terse, blunt and moody (and most camps have replaced them with Scots-Irishmen). A recent guest at Kedgwick tells of trying to ingratiate himself with an Indian guide. "Through the first morning's fishing I talked with considerable enthusiasm about my experiences on the river and the places that I had fished. I know a lot of the guides on the Restigouche. The Indian didn't say anything. He just sat there mute in the bow of the boat. At lunchtime my host asked if we'd done any good. 'Much talk, no fish,' the Indian mumbled."

Heavy fish stir in the deep pools at Kedgwick and for weeks each season fishermen see them and tempt them but get little response. Three hundred salmon will lie in the placid Looking Glass Pool and scores in Jimmy's Hole (which is 30 feet deep and gets its name from a local boy, Jimmy Gillis, who jumped into it and was not seen again).

Because of the water's depth at Kedg-

continued

wick Lodge, its fishermen use a special method called patent fishing. Instead of shooting the line straight out on the water, the patent fisherman stops his cast abruptly at the halfway point of his follow-through. He pulls some of the slack line toward him, and the fly, a large hair one, lands lightly on the current and quickly sinks. When the angler sees a salmon take the fly, he strikes the fish, something never done in standard salmon fishing. Several people claim to have invented this very successful way of casting, but the story told on the Restigouche is that its originator was a chorus girl, who was invited to Kedgewick Lodge many years ago. The woman was killing salmon when no one else was getting a strike. One of the fishermen at the camp was intrigued. He and his guide climbed to the rock that overlooks Jimmy's Hole to watch the star angler. The woman cast a tangle of slack line. Some plunked into the river and the rest fell at her feet and over the gunwale. The fly would sink, its hair spreading out, it would pulsate invitingly and the salmon would hit it. Such was the ingenious beginning, the river people say, of patent fishing. The two men refined the style considerably but the basic principle remains the same.

At the time it was not unusual for a lady of the stage to be found angling on the Restigouche. It was the Mauve Decade, after all, and passions were sometimes purple. From time to time suspicious wives, riding in buckboards, would appear unannounced in the wilderness to check the guest list.

The fishermen were men of power, and their enthusiasm for the sporting life was immense. Consider some of the members in those early years of the third great fishing establishment on the river, the Restigouche Salmon Club:

August Belmont, lamed in a duel (a pistol ball in the groin). He drank wine from Prince Metternich's cellar and was chairman of the Democratic Party.

Pierre Lorillard, the snuff-and-tobacco king. He bought sterling-silver horse-shoes from Tiffany's for his stable of thoroughbreds.

Chester Arthur, 21st President of

the United States, known as "a man of simple tastes." He cut the number of courses at White House dinners from 29 to 14.

William C. Whitney, street railway baron and President-maker (Cleveland). Henry Adams wrote of him—"He swung the country almost at will...."

Harry Payne Whitney, William C.'s sportsman son. He played tennis for \$10,000 a set and poker for racehorses—"I'll call that with a half-brother to Perseus. I'll raise you with a filly by Whisk Broom...."

William K. Vanderbilt, who had a penchant for fast cars. He built 75 miles of paved highway on his Long Island estate to have a place to drive.

The list continues—Railroad Tycoons Frank Thomson, William Seward Webb, James J. Hill; New York Bar Association President John L. Cadwalader; Rubberman David M. Goodrich; Merchant Marshall Field; Oilman Oliver H. Payne; R. G. Dun of Dun & Bradstreet; and Boston's elite—Ameses, Hagginsons, Seares and Saltontalls.

The Restigouche Salmon Club purchased Daniel Fraser's farm at Matapédia in 1880 and turned the clapboard inn, hard by the railroad tracks, into a Spartan clubhouse. And so it remains, a strange exclusive meetingplace for sporting millionaires. Today the diesel of the Canadian National Railways roars past its front gate. The plank floors now lurch with age, some pitching at 30° angles. A heavy-headed moose presides over a bare refectory-style dining room. Plaster buckles through the wallpaper, doors hang crooked on their hinges and drafts whistle up the stairs. A Victorian fringed shawl covers a parlor table and on it is a framed photograph of a royal couple on a throne. Only in the oak-dark members' lounge is there a sense of warmth and comfort. A *Wall Street Journal* and gin-rummy scorepads lie on a burnished table and the conversation is of Phippses and Mellons.

Remembrances of the club's rich past hang on the walls—photographs of waistcoated gentlemen and veiled wasp-waisted women, an inscribed portrait of Winston Churchill, a poacher's devilish

tools from long ago, paintings done by appreciative guests. Embedded in the lawn is a sundial that members used to tell the fishing hours, and green rockers and ladderback chairs, now listing a little, still line the porch.

A day on the Restigouche begins about 8 a.m. when the guides gather in the yard. For half an hour, while the club members breakfast, there is a sang of reels as lines are stripped and readied. The guides talk in a low murmur, and laughs and challenges puncture their conversations. Among them is Murray Fraser, a guide for 52 years and old Daniel's great-nephew. He recalls appreciatively the grand fishermen of the past, praising Standard Oil's Oliver Payne, who bought him a manure spreader, a horse and furniture, and referring to Henry de Forest, who ran half a dozen railroads, as "a gruffly sort of lad."

Fraser remembers when the Restigouche Salmon Club members used to travel upriver in houseboats, taking three weeks for such trips and fishing wherever the water looked inviting. If the club itself did not own the fishing rights, undoubtedly one of the millionaires' friends did, for sportsmen from New York controlled nearly all of the 50-mile length of the Restigouche (the river has another 150 miles of tributaries—the Little Main, the Kedgewick, the Upsalquich, the Matapédia and the Patapédia). In 1883 the fishing rights had been established by law. People who owned land on the riverbank as of that date were granted riparian rights—they owned their own waters. But on the stretches of the Restigouche where there were no property owners the provincial government assumed the fishing rights. The government then leased these miles of the river at 10-year intervals. From the beginning, Americans were the high bidders in the auction of leases.

Houseboats—transformed lumber scows—were used for river trips until the 1930s. Luxury cabins were built on the 50-foot boats, and one industrialist of the time called them "more comfortable than home." There was a lounge, bedroom, pantry and kitchen and behind that a room for the cook. On the



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aft deck were tethered lambs and caged chickens that would be slaughtered during the trip—sometimes even a cow was carried for fresh milk. Farm horses towed the houseboats upriver, their iron shoes clattering on the gravel banks. They would wade and swim the heavy currents three abreast to the cajoling of their mounted driver. The salmon fishermen would sit on the verandah in the bow. "They'd be dressed like they were going to Parliament," a guide recalls. Smudge pots would be lit to ward off sandflies. It was a time of pleasing ease and grace.

A conspicuous Restigouche figure in those days was Stanford White. He lived with a lusty verve and died flamboyantly—shot dead by Harry K. Thaw for a dalliance with his wife, whom White had occasionally sent soaring through the air in a red velvet swing. White was the arbiter of taste for America's new wealth, for those not to the manner born. He built Renaissance estates for Vanderbilts and Whitneys, designed their yachting cups, croquet shelters, indoor squash and tennis courts, swimming pools and rifle ranges. White was called "the Moses and Aaron and Mahomet" of Society. He modeled New York's Tiffany & Company on a Venetian palace and the Herald Building on the town hall in Verona. So diverse and remarkable were his talents that White was commissioned to design parlor cars for the Pennsylvania Railroad, mausoleums for Morgans, yachts, necklaces, churches, stables and picture frames. He even left his mark on the White House. Few people get to view its grounds from the top-most floor, but a number of Presidents' wives might have been shocked if they had looked south from this personal vantage point and seen, outlined by White's walks and shrubbery, a lady of Rubens proportions with well-groomed knolls providing her full bosom. Stanford White's gargantuan joke went undiscovered by many Administrations. Certainly Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Taft must have lived in ignorant bliss of the supine lady in their backyard.

Another of White's unheralded creations stems from his Restigouche days.

It is a salmon fly that he designed and named for himself—the Night Hawk. So successful was the Night Hawk that fishermen throughout the world still use it. Old guides on the Restigouche recall White tying flies, his artful fingers wrapping the shanks of hooks. Goog Mowat, now 75 and retired, remembers selling White a fly as a child. "I'd made it on a bait hook with rooster feathers," he says, "and I'd been using it trout fishing on the bank by the clubhouse in Matapédia. My father worked for 50 years for the Restigouche Salmon Club as head warden, and the members didn't mind us children throwing out some line. This day I hooked a 12-pound salmon and landed him, and Mr. White came down to look at my tackle. He was a big man with a red mustache. He offered me 25¢ for the fly and asked me how many more I could get for him. I made him six and he paid me \$1. I was a rich boy then."

Other famous salmon-fly patterns have originated on the Restigouche. One of the most effective, the Rusty Rat, was devised by Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. He first came to fish on the river in the 1930s and bought his own camp—Grog Island—three miles above Matapédia. Pulitzer was nearly blind. "He had no vision in the left eye and only 20% in the right," says Frank Fitzgerald, who guided him and managed his camp for many years. "But there was never a gamer or better fisherman. He could never see the fly on the water. If a cast was good I'd say nothing, but if it wasn't I'd say, 'Do that over.'" A 37-pound salmon killed by Pulitzer hung until recently in the lobby of the Matapédia Hotel.

Pulitzer's pride in designing the Rusty Rat is reflected in a letter he wrote to the "Sports Editor" of *Fortune* in 1949: "Having devised a new salmon fly on the Restigouche River this summer, I took it to J. C. Arseneault, the local fly-tier . . . and had him tie a number for me and others and told him to name it the Rusty Rat. He informed me that to have this name officially adopted I should write to *Fortune* Magazine. Whether this information is correct I have no means of knowing. . . .

"For your information this fly is an imitation of an old, worn-out Black Rat Bucktail on which I took a 41-pounder, and from which the black body had disappeared, leaving the rusty-colored dental floss wrapped around the body of the fly. Rusty Rat proved quite effective and I hereby make formal application to have the name officially adopted."

Fortune, which probably has among its readership the highest number of salmon fishermen per capita, printed Pulitzer's letter, thereby establishing his claim as designer of the Rusty Rat, but suggested Pulitzer file a similar notice with the U.S. Patent Office. The fly has become a standard pattern which can be bought from London to Auckland.

Knowing such esoteric facts is part of the enjoyment of salmon fishing. One looks at a Rusty Rat with nostalgia. History intrudes on angling—or makes it. And to describe the present Restigouche scene is to savor the past. The rhythm of a fishing day, with its long pauses and interludes, lends itself to tale-telling, and nearly everyone who spends time on a salmon river is master of the art. The guides admit to small larcenies, of filling fish with stones to make them weigh more and win bets. There have been instances of proud sportsmen dispatching their salmon immediately to New York banks to have sworn affidavits drawn up regarding their weight.

Chick Chisholm has heard a lot of stories in his 39 years as a warden on the river. From late May until November he lives in a cabin on the bank. "There are places out there," he says, "where the river seems to talk to you at night." Occasionally the voices are real. "When salmon are concerned you can't trust anyone," says Chisholm. Almost everyone who works along the Restigouche is related to him—a cousin or an in-law. In lean times they might just become outlaws, and he knows it, for poachers get a good price—60¢ a pound—for salmon at Black's Seafood Market in Campbellton (the retail price is \$1.75 a pound). Wardens hired by the fishing camps have guarded the Restigouche since 1839, for poaching is an old and honorable pro-

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session. Today 16 wardens patrol the river in canoes, day and night, and two or three times a week Chisholm says he "runs into something. It's usually not serious enough to take to court. You seize their rods and give them a chance." But horses, cars and nets have also been impounded. Only the drift netters are truly menacing, for they can take in 30 minutes as many salmon as a fly-fisherman will land in a year.

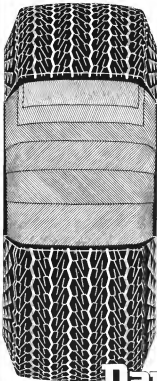
The local people, for the most part, accept the sovereignty of the American fishing lords, though they may put it to a sporting test now and then. The local economy depends on the American fishermen—\$2.5 million is spent each year by the anglers for leases, licenses, wardens, cooks, guides, supplies and refreshments. Camp Harmony, for instance, pays \$12,000 in school taxes for its 4½ miles of riverfront. Over \$28,000 is paid annually to the provincial government by the 24-member Restigouche Salmon Club for the fishing rights to 20 miles of river (it owns another six miles outright). The club hires 48 guides during the season (at around \$15 a day) and another 40 to 45 people as servants.

It is understandable, then, that the river remains the guarded preserve of the very rich. Some years ago a photographer for a national magazine had to hire a cook and handyman to pose "fishing" in a canoe, so shy of publicity are the club members themselves. The caption under the published photograph identified the two as "sportsman and guide," much to the hilarity of the guide fraternity.

The anglers' names along the Restigouche have not really changed in 50 years, but the anglers have—and so has the once-serene nature of their sport. Today's fishermen own jet planes and most of them are in a jet hurry. "They don't appreciate the sport," says Frank Fitzgerald, who still manages Grog Island Camp. "Rush, rush, rush. They fly in to catch a salmon and get away as quick as they can. The old Restigouche Salmon Club members used to come for three or four weeks and would take that long to go upriver. They'd stop for at least three days, and often six, at their camps

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The slow pace and primitive nature of the Restigouche, circa 1900, made the sportsmen and guides dependent on each other and on each other's company. Friendships were formed of a type that are rare today. Frank Fitzgerald's father guided the governor-general of Canada one season, and the next spring when he was passing through Matapeedia in his private railroad car, the governor-general stopped, hired a horse and buggy and drove to the Fitzgerald farmhouse for tea. Such courtesies are unusual now. Telephone lines run into the fishing camps and America's richest men no longer must drive three and four miles to the nearest grocery store, where they used to share the party line with local housewives. Gone too are those moments when fishermen put a whiskey bottle on the kitchen table and invited their guides in to help them cook. In recent years the Restigouche Salmon Club has employed an English butler.

The guides prefer the old times. Late into the night, with the kettle boiling on the stove and cookies on the table, a man like 72-year-old Winston Ferguson will entertain a visitor with his remembrances. He brings out a drawer of photographs, fading brown prints of wide-girthed men . . . pictures of their daughters, bloomed and black-stockinged, holding up fish a little uncertainly. "He was president of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad—left \$71 million," Winston says, picking up one photograph. Somehow in this backwater the details of rich men's wills and the minutiae of their private lives are well known and much discussed.

But reflections of those good days are being edged out now by deep concern

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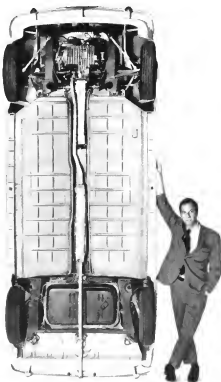
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Out of Eden

continued

for the fate of the Restigouche. The river is no longer so bountiful and blessed. At Camp Harmony 800 salmon were killed in six weeks in the 1880s. In 1969 there were 68 fish killed in 12 weeks. The Restigouche Salmon Club took 157 fish from its 26 miles of river in '68 and only 295 in '69. Until the '50s members used to take an average of 1,500 a season—and some years more than 2,000. In the club's famed Patamajaw Pool (or, as outsiders call it, the Million-Dollar Pool) one used to see 5,000 salmon on a July day. Now there are perhaps 500. The provincial fish and wildlife office in Fredericton, New Brunswick says 37% of the anglers on the Restigouche failed to take a single salmon during the 1968 season. In the month of August the average catch was 1.9 salmon per angler per week.

The causes of the decline of the river are familiar. Five factories are polluting the waters near the mouth. The virgin forest in the river's watershed has been lumbered, and heavy winter snows (144 inches in 1968) are no longer trapped and held into June by the limbs of the dark spruce. The thaw used to come gradually and the river remained icy cold through the summer. Now the snows melt quickly in the belts of hardwood, the mountainside brooks dry up and by the first of July the river is low and warm. Unless the salmon can find a cool fresh current they are reluctant to head upriver to spawn. Instead, their instincts frustrated, they circle slowly in the Bay of Chaleur. Fly-fishermen blame the operators of stands of nets at the mouth of the river for devastating the salmon population, but commercial fishermen say the fault is not theirs, and they are probably right. They have, after all, been working these same stands of nets for years. One of them, Reid Stewart of Dalhousie, inherited his stand of nets with his 100-acre property. His father and grandfather operated it before him, the original grant coming from the British Crown in 1805. Forty years ago a fisherman could harvest 30,000 pounds of salmon annually in a good stand of nets on the Restigouche. Last year, Stewart says, he took in 3,000 pounds. However, fishing boats in the North-

continued

this is why Titleist is called...

"the money ball"

					
OFFICIAL 1969 RESULTS	TITLEIST	Wilson Staff	Spalding D4	Dartop Maxfli	All Others
MONEY EARNINGS	\$2,549,781	\$764,277	\$725,651	\$540,370	\$983,430
NUMBER OF PLAYERS USING	3,909	920	917	866	1,134
TOURNA- MENT WINNERS	25	8	4	3	8

Last year, more touring pros won more money in more tournaments with K2 Titleist. That's why it's called the money ball. So far this year we're off to the best start we've ever had. And we don't pay anyone to play it . . . the pros play it because it pays off.

But you don't have to play for money to enjoy Titleist. Because our exclusive K2 construction gives you extra distance consistently.

But why say more? Our record speaks for itself.

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Sold thru golf course pro shops only.

*Source: Credited ball counts taken approximately during the 1969 PGA Tour, 45 events; also U.S. Open, Masters Championship, Colonial Open.

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The oil's still good, but the detergent's long gone.

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It goes after sludge, varnish and carbon to keep your engine clean.

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When you're ready for CD-2 Red Label. It's for oil burners.

No all purpose additive can do either job as well.



Quick before it's too late.



Better late than never.

Out of Eden continued

berland Straits that use radar and sonar equipment are decimating the numbers of salmon. They locate schools of fish heading to the rivers to spawn and haul them in with three-quarter-mile nets. The salmon must contend, too, with the commercial netting in their winter feeding grounds off the coast of Greenland (SI, Jan. 12).

Efforts are being made to stock the rivers but the results are disappointing. A fish hatchery on the river at Charlo puts 10,000 salmon smolt in the Restigouche each year. Only 5% are believed to survive long enough to make it back to the river as grown salmon. Coddled in a porcelain-basin world, the smolt do not have the natural instincts to escape their enemies.

With the sport's increasingly limited returns, salmon fishing on the Restigouche is a dear endeavor. One camp on the river charges \$300 a day (plus extras) per rod. This means if a fisherman has average luck the 1.9 salmon he kills in a week will cost him \$2,100. At a local fish market he could buy a 20-pounder for \$35.

But that, as any Restigouche fisherman will tell you, is a crude statistic—one not to be mentioned, or even calculated. The pleasure of the Restigouche is in the anticipation, in the superstitions, in the stories, in the scene, in the fear, in the failure and, finally, with luck, in a triumph or two. So the river's fly-fishermen will always come back. Some will be arriving next weekend at the airports of northern Maine. They are tanned men with hard patrician features. They carry duffel bags, and rods in silver tubes. A raw-faced Restigouche guide will be there to meet them. The car will turn north when it reaches Route 1 and pass through the flint-gray potato fields. Dogs looking for warmth curl on the tops of seed-potato barrels. The barns huddle close to the ground. At Van Buren the fishermen cross the border and head into the heartland of New Brunswick. A few daffodils, in the shelter of porches, are out. Spring comes slowly on the Restigouche. With it, always, come the fishermen.

END



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A ball pen that's bulky. That's what you don't get with the Parker International Classic Ball Pen. Because we slimmed that sterling silver case down till it's downright skinny. To make it fit nimbly in your hand.

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Bendix



Duck Omelet for the Senator

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

There was no doubt whatever that the population of wild waterfowl in North America was on the decline toward the end of the last century. The only question was: what was causing it? George Bird Grinnell, a leader of the early conservation movement, one of the foremost outdoorsmen of his time and the editor of the magazine *Forest and Stream*, suspected that spring hunting and greedy hunters might be contributing to the decline. But as a conscientious editor he decided to make it his business to find out.

Senator John H. Mitchell (R., Ore.) was plagued by no such restraint. "It is a fact not generally known," declaimed the Senator in a speech calculated to rouse the hackles of sportsmen and bird lovers from Maine to California, "that for the purpose of obtaining ova or egg albumen, a substance largely used in commerce, certain corporations have been formed and large amounts of capital invested for the purpose of gathering vast millions of the eggs of ducks and geese in their breeding grounds in Alaska and Northern Canada. Shipment of these eggs over the Canadian Pacific Railroad are said to be enormous. Not infrequently as many as 1,800 barrels are taken."

The Senator's story was not quite a revelation. Rumors of this nefarious practice had circulated among sportsmen for several years, and most of them seemed to have as their source an organization known as the National Game, Fish and Bird Protective Association. Indians in the employ of certain unidentified interests, ran the tales, ceaselessly prowled the tundra during the nesting season, gathering up all the eggs they could find, packing them into barrels and shipping them to confectioners in New York. There the eggs, the potential source of fodder for the sportsmen's guns, were turned instead into egg-albumen cakes, which sold in the shops for 25¢ a pound.

Senator Mitchell, though admittedly not an enthusiastic hunter himself, demanded an appropriation of at least \$5,000 to begin an investigation of these dark practices. He would have done better to drop around and pay a call on Editor Grinnell.

Shy by nature and slight in build, Grinnell had learned his nature lessons at first hand. He had explored the Black Hills with General Custer, ridden the

plains with Pawnee Indians and hunted big game all over the North American continent. Advocating sound game laws, he also was a leader of the early conservation movement.

Now, reading the Senator's words, Grinnell suspected what he called a "mare's nest"—a grand illusion. He felt that his first clue to the truth of the matter might be found in the source of the egg-albumen horror stories—the National Game, Fish and Bird Protective Association. "A careful investigation shows that millions of eggs are gathered and shipped from these grounds annually," an official of that association had told reporters. "Unless they are protected from such wanton destruction I fear we will, in a short time, be forced to enjoy our duck hunting in memories."

First, Grinnell delegated one of *Forest and Stream's* staff to bring back some of the results of the association's "careful investigation." The association's president, a Mr. M. R. Bortree, replied that he had no facts to give at that time, but promised to try to find some. Grinnell suspected that he would hear no more from Mr. Bortree, and he turned his attention to more rewarding sources.

If anything approaching the quantity of eggs mentioned in the stories were shipped each season from railroad points on the Northern Pacific Coast, he reasoned, someone would know about it. There would be a great coastwise traffic in these eggs. Trains of merchandise are not loaded up at night and shipped off secretly to unknown consignees, nor are shiploads of eggs received from foreign countries without entry at the customhouse. "A man," said Grinnell "does not start with an egg in his pocket from the shores of the Far North, come down to the border line, smuggle it across and then go back for another."

Grinnell wrote to the general traffic managers of the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific railroads. After a thorough search of their books each replied that not a single barrel of wildfowl eggs had ever been shipped over their lines. One railroad official suggested that Senator Mitchell had been made the victim

of a monstrous practical joke. Another was more specific:

"I wonder if Senator Mitchell considered how many wild birds' eggs it would take to fill 1,800 barrels, and how many years it would take to gather them; for, with the exception of gulls' eggs, which are gathered in larger quantities than those of any other wild birds, it would simply be an impossibility to gather the large quantity mentioned in a hundred years if anyone did feel disposed to do so."

Turning from the railroads, Grinnell then questioned officials of all the customhouses at ports and border towns through which wild birds' eggs might enter the U.S. None reported any record of either eggs or albumen.

"My opinion," volunteered a customs official, "is that more eggs are destroyed in the Mississippi Valley by the spring shooters than it would be possible to destroy in any collecting that could be carried out, even if eggs were worth one dollar a dozen at the breeding grounds."

Finally Grinnell consulted the albumen dealers in New York. From them he learned that almost the whole of the American albumen supply was imported from Russia, Germany and France where hens' eggs cost less than 4¢ a dozen.

"The cheapness of the foreign article, which is imported free of duty, prohibits American competition," a leading dealer told Grinnell. "Eggs imported from Alaska would be likely to spoil or lose their freshness before arriving here and would then be unfit for the manufacture of albumen."

Grinnell published the results of his investigation in *Forest and Stream* on June 22, 1895 under the title "The Great Duck Egg Fake." His article was preceded by a mimifable:

"A Wild Goose sat on a Mare's Nest and hatched out a Beautiful Fake."

By such searching journalism Grinnell brought closer the day when sound hunting laws—including the abolition of spring shooting—became something more than idle chatter among the sportsmen of America.

END

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Most of our
friends
do.



Hand Blended in Holland

19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

PEACE PENTATHLON

Sirs:

Wow! That article, *The World's First Peace Pentathlon* (May 11), has got to be the most revolutionary you've written. I mean it changes SI's whole outlook on sport and competition. Great! Jones & Smith (Robert F. and David Winnie-the-Pooh Mtn) really put one together.

LAINA LEWIS

Littleton, Colo.

Sirs:

I am a little disappointed in *SENTRY'S* illustration's ability to defend competition, which David Smith so poorly put down. Amidst the biggest fields of competitors there is the greatest sense of love and admiration for the opponent. When this feeling is lost, then we are talking about war and materialistic gain, which I am afraid our Mr. Smith is confusing with athletic competition. Ask Jim Ryan and Martin Liquori about competition. Each has become a better rider because of the other. I say this is one of the greatest examples of mutual admiration. We can make ourselves believe anything in our own minds, but when we allow ourselves to be confronted by our competitors—friends, equals or whatever—we gain insight to the facts that we can be wrong and that we can always do better. If David Smith were a true athlete he would be smart enough to know that athletic competition makes a lot of us better than we are, and that an athlete learns through his mistakes.

JOANNE TOMASELLO

Alexandria, Va.

Sirs:

Re *The World's First Peace Pentathlon*, I should like to make the following observations.

1) Smith's anticompetition stand smacks dangerously of "Do-your-own-thing-but-conform-to-my-eccentricities!"

2) As for his claim that the Greeks supported violence by their games, may I point out in respect to his events that all our military services use parachutes; Navy Seals scuba dive and swim distance; soldiers have always run (training); and, finally, no virtue can be claimed to exist logically among a motorbike, its rider and his environment.

3) Competition in man seems to be far more inherent than capitalistically derived.

MICHAEL EDWARD O'DONNELL

Wise, Va.

Sirs:

Not enough was said in your article about Dave's Boy Scout work. As a member of

Troop 17 in San Francisco, he became the youngest eagle scout in California. He has more than 50 merit badges. Whenever he returns to San Francisco he takes time out to attend scout meetings and to assist boys in swimming and water safety.

STEVEN A. BIRCH

San Francisco

HORSES AND TIGERS

Sirs:

The Kentucky Derby (*A Commemorative Performance*, May 11) is considered to be the pinnacle of horse racing. Other races may be older or richer, but the Derby is considered the top. It is unfortunate that Robert Lehmann, owner of 1970 Derby winner *Dust Commander*, cares more for a tiger than a horse who had the stamina, skill and speed to be first at the end of "heart-break lane," a place shared with such greats as *Swaps*, *War Admiral*, *Citation*, *Whirlaway* and others. Mr. Lehmann should be told that, while tigers are in abundance, Kentucky Derby winners number exactly 96.

ROBERT MARSHALL

Florence, Ala.

Sirs:

Robert Lehmann is boastful of his various tiger kills. While one may be excited, since the tiger was a man-killer, the others were killed for sport. Doesn't Mr. Lehmann know that tigers are an endangered species?

SHEPARD DAVIS

Millbrook, N.Y.

EARTH COMMENTS

Sirs:

I assume your May 4 article on Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel (*The Earth as Seen from Alaska*) was intended to be the most biting piece of satire since *Gulliver's Travels*. If so, you very cleverly converted the Secretary's mock views into seriohomic statements. If SI was not doing straight line for Mr. Hickel, then we are right back where we started from: watching Hickel liddle while Earth burns.

WILLIAM C. GUDAE

Lexington, Va.

Sirs:

I enjoyed Pat Ryan's article about Secretary Hickel. It beats me how she could have gotten all that down in the plane when it was so dark and so crowded.

TED STEVENS

U.S. Senator

Alaska

Washington

continued

CHEVY'S NEW LITTLE CAR: IF YOU LIKE THE 1971, YOU'LL LIKE THE 1975.

If you've been with us for the past few weeks, you know we're ready with our own little car. Almost.

But first, there are a few things we've been meaning to talk to you about.

No shiny new ashtray knobs.

Before we tell you anything about the car itself, we think you should know that once it comes out, it's going to stay out. We don't plan to change it for at least four years.

We've got it just the way we want it, and we think you'll like it.

Of course, there is the possibility that we'll find ways to improve it from a functional standpoint. If we do, we will. We'll make you a promise, though: no change for the sake of change.

So, in effect, when you see the 1971, you'll also be seeing the 1975. That's how confident we are.

Here's why.

Little, but big.

To be perfectly honest, we're pretty proud. Our little car is unlike any other little car.

For one thing, it is

indeed little: it's on a tight 97-inch wheelbase, and it's built for four passengers. Yet it feels bigger, because there's as much room per passenger as there is in many big cars.

There are other things that make our little car a lot of little car, like its zippy performance, its quiet ride, and even its taut, smooth handling. In fact, our little car is more than just maneuverable—it's plain old fun.

Naturally, all of these things are ads in themselves, so stay tuned to this magazine.

Little, but little.

Although our little car feels and acts like a much bigger car, there are times when its littleness really shines.

Like when you pull into a gas station. We aren't ready with final figures yet, but we can say this much: our little car will get gas mileage in the same neighborhood as the best of the economy cars. And that's a pretty good neighborhood.

Our little car will also seem very little when you go to buy it: prices will be very close to ordinary little cars'.



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We will gladly send you a three-record album, "The Swing Era: 1940-1941," which contains 30 recordings of the greatest hits of some of the greatest swing bands. We'd like you to enjoy this album for 10 days free

—to discover for yourself how faithfully Time-Life Records has recaptured the excitement of the big-band Swing Era!

Included in the Swing Era package, you'll also receive a wonderfully nostalgic book of words and pictures entitled "How It Was to Be Young Then," which re-creates the joys of growing up in that wonderful era: the Saturday-night college proms, with two big bands performing and couples doing the Lindy Hop, fraternity hazing, college queens, dancing in the aisles at the Paramount Theatre on Broadway, the world of 10¢ beer and Coke dates, comic books, non-co-ed colleges and weekend dates...as different from today's world as Glenn Miller is different from Sam Cooke. Together, your records and book will let you live again to the rhythm of swing.

THE BEST-LOVED SWING MUSIC

Your album will take you on a nostalgic—but lively!—journey back to those golden days just before America entered World War II, when Roosevelt was jumping and Harlem's Cotton Club echoed with the sounds of Duke Ellington and his band. You'll hear "Stealin' Apples," played just as it was by Benny Goodman at so many college and university proms. You'll hear "Moonlight Serenade" and "In the Mood," played just as they were by Glenn Miller at Frank Bailey's Meadowbrook or the Cien Island Casino.

Those were the golden days for the swing bands, as they played their way into the hearts of millions of Americans. And your album will bring you 30 of the hits that cap-



THE SATURDAY-NIGHT PROM brought out boys in their tuxedos and girls in their evening gowns and they danced sedately under the watchful eyes of chaperons—sometimes to the music of two or three dance bands.

tivated the country...yours to enjoy again and again, played just as they were—but with the magic of modern high-fidelity stereo.

BE OUR GUEST

Listen to these 30 superb recordings and enjoy "How It Was to Be Young Then" for 10 full days as a guest of Time-Life Records. There's no cost, and you are under no obligation. Just sample this album-and-book package. If you are not delighted, simply return it, and that will end the matter.

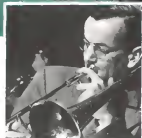
But, if you are as delighted as we think you



WHEREVER THE YOUTH SET GATHERED, sweater and skirt, bobble socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a boy to be "in the groove." Even on the lecture. Forlorn (left), part of growing up was quiet talk and tricker tracks at weekend parties.



READERS WHO LIKE SWING MUSIC



GLENN MILLER led one of the great musical groups that made the brilliant Swing Era glimmer will be kept "The Swing Era, 1940-1941" and enjoy a second pleasant surprise! The three 12-inch long playing records in this great package have been recorded to the most exacting technical specifications. They are the highest-quality vinyl, identical to stereo records selling for \$4.98 and more each, you might expect to pay \$15 for the three records alone, without the hard-cover book. Yet, because Time-Life Records has ordered these recordings in one large economical pressing, and because we sell direct to you without the cost of retail outlets or salesmen, we can offer you this three-record album for just \$11.95! plus shipping and handling, in stereo, with

the Time-Life Records book "How It Was to Be Young Thru" included at no extra cost. Just mail the attached postage-free reply card today, and we'll mail you your album for 10 days' free trial.

YOUR INTRODUCTION TO A NEW SERIES

"The Swing Era, 1940-1941" is the first in an exciting swing-band record-and-book series created by Time-Life Records called "The Swing Era." Together, these magnificent recordings bring you the best of the great swing music, from early 1930 through the memorable years, when swing was capturing the hearts of millions down to the war years and the postwar boom.

There will be additional albums and picture books. Each package will be shipped, on approval of every second month to listeners who subscribe. There is, however, no commitment, and any record-and-book package may be returned—or the free audition privilege may be cancelled by you at any time. By returning the attached reply card, you simply accept the privilege of listening to "The Swing Era, 1940-1941" for 10 days FREE. Fill out the reply card right now, before you forget it, and mail it TODAY.

Time-Life Records, Time & Life Building,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

THIRTY GREAT SWING HITS YOU'LL HEAR

Glenn Miller version of *Moonlight Serenade* - *Savoy Serenade* - *Little Brown Jug* - *In the Mood* - *Tarzan's Jungle* - *Amor Chorus* (Parts I and II)

Harry James version of *Two o'Clock Jump* - *Young Hickles* - *Caribbees* - *You Made Me Love You*

Charlie Barnet version of *Cherokee* - *Fourteen Years* - *Golden Rhapsody*

Tommy Dorsey version of *Loveless Road* (Parts I and II) - *Savoy Blues* - *Deep River*

Benny Goodman version of *Brother's Apple* - *Let's Dance*

Artie Shaw version of *Tea for Two* - *Prison* - *Starfish*

Les Brown version of *Just Hit the Day*

Duke Ellington version of *Take the "A" Train*

Woody Herman version of *Blues on Parade*

Johnny Larnell version of *Well All Right*

Glenn Miller version of *Swing*

Joe Smith version of *720 in the Books*

Bob Crosby version of *South Rampart Street Parade*

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TWO-FISTED SOLUTION

Sir:

I believe I have a method of eliminating fights in hockey. Whenever a fight breaks out, officials should allow the combatants to slug it out as long as they deem it necessary to display their manhood. Ridiculous? Not at all; let me explain.

First, it is my belief that many players accept the challenge of the dropped gloves solely because they know that the fight will be stopped quickly and their chances of being kayoed are very slim. If the players knew that all fights would be to the finish, without interference, they might be a little more reluctant to involve themselves in such meaningless bouts. Secondly, I think the players would begin to feel a little foolish about continually interrupting play with brawls that would go on indefinitely and would drain them of considerable amounts of energy. Who knows, even the fans might become bored and begin to boo the players, demanding that they get back to playing a little . . . uh . . . what's the name of that game again?

JIM ENGRAHAM

Eastlake, Ohio

OUR TOWN

Sir:

Your article, *A Brief Search for America* (May 4), struck me as being an attempt to justify the kind of small-town mentality that degrades and will ultimately ruin high school athletics. I spent my high school years in a town of fewer than 3,000 and feel compelled to speak out against the people who make school games a matter of life and death.

It begins with a coach who makes a living bullying 16-year-olds because he can't or will not cope with the adult world. Usually with the approval of parents, he tells the players that they have to become "men"; that to be gentle is to be inferior ("Hit him harder, Mama's boy"). When a team of championship caliber develops, members of the community begin telling the "stars" how important each game is to the town. The school principal urges the students to "support our team" and to "show school spirit." Pressures developed by the coaches, parents, community and schoolmates become totally out of line with the stated reasons for having interschool athletics. The slogan "Show me a good loser and I'll show you a loser" has no place in an American high school.

LARRY CROWSON

San Francisco

Sir:

John Underwood's article on sports participation in small-town America was really outstanding. To me, he illuminated the true essence, pleasure and lifetime value

continued

For every parent . . .

For every teacher . . .

THE TIME GUIDE TO

DRUGS AND THE YOUNG

At least 5 million youngsters in this country have tried marijuana.

They're not delinquents or from urban slums. They're kids you know. Maybe your own.

Like it or not, drugs permeate much of today's youth culture. Children as young as nine or ten are singing songs of drug-induced highs, wearing clothing inspired by psychedelic dreams, speaking the jargon of the addict and experimenting with dozens of possibly harmful substances.

THE FACTS ABOUT DRUGS

Against this background, the TIME Education Program has created **DRUGS AND THE YOUNG**, a clear, comprehensive and unemotional look at drug abuse.

Originally prepared for the TIME Social Studies Program, this exclusive guide is now available to the public. Its price is \$1.50 per booklet; or for orders of more than 10 booklets, \$1.00 each. (Postage and handling included.)

Many of the points brought out by the booklet are surprising; some are shocking. For example:

- Unlike heroin, most drugs taken by teenagers are relatively inexpensive. A "joint" of marijuana costs only about 75¢. A Dextrodine pill just 10¢.
- Many parents unwittingly steer their children toward experimentation by their own abuse of so-called accepted drugs.
- Underworld pushers don't hook most youngsters on drugs. Their friends do.
- Drug education should begin at about the third grade level. Drug abuse has already reached some junior high schools.

The booklet points out that the worst strategy a community can adopt is to pretend that no problem exists. It is in the comfortable suburban areas and rural towns—the "It can't happen here places"—that drug use is growing fastest.

CONTENTS INCLUDE:

- What drugs are youngsters using?
- Why do youngsters start on drugs?
- How often does experimentation lead to addiction?
- Where do parents go wrong?
- How should drugs be approached in the classroom?
- First-person accounts by two youngsters of their experiences with drugs (on spirit-mester for easy duplication.)

Mail to:
DRUGS AND THE YOUNG
 TIME Education Program
 TIME & LIFE Building
 Rockefeller Center
 New York, N.Y. 10020

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All I can do is ask.

Remember, only you can prevent forest fires. 

19TH HOLE continued

of an interest in sports I'd like to see more such stories.

THOMAS C. EMOND

Gainesville, Fla.

Sirs:

Underwood says Lewistown, Mont. claims to have "the finest drinking water in the world." It is 99.8% pure. Evidently they have never heard of Dermog, N. Mex., which gets its water supply from an underground river. This water is 99.9% pure and this Southwestern city is correct in claiming the "purest, finest-tasting water anywhere."

I don't want to pick your article to pieces, but I feel that credit should go where it is truly due.

STEVEN JAMES

Oil Center, N. Mex.

● In a lecture on the often meaningless slogans of advertising, Harvard's political scientist Arthur Holcombe once declared: "Here is a soap that says it is 99 1/2% pure. I ask you, gentlemen, pure soap?" —ED.

SEAL FOR APPROVAL

Sirs:

Cheers to the students of Reno (Nev.) High (FEBRUARY, April 27) for protesting the pollution typified in the state seal. You might be interested to know that our city seal here in Syracuse is equally polluted and is in the process of being changed. Mayor Lee Alexander has ordered a city-wide competition to come up with a new seal to replace the one that now depicts industrial chimneys belching smoke all over the place.

MICHAEL H. LEIDERMAN
WHEN Radio

Syracuse, N.Y.

UNSPOILED SPORT

Sirs:

Congratulations to the volleyball players on the West Coast (*Spokane's* the *Porch* at UCLA, May 4)? They've succeeded in taking a game that was played for fun and putting it on a national level without taking anything away from the sport itself. Even the most important tournaments lack the heavy atmosphere of sulking and psyching athletes. The players bring their girls, their dogs and buckets of chicken. The uniforms may look flashy and sophisticated but, if you look hard enough, you'll find sand in everybody's ears.

Thanks for spreading the word on volleyball. It's a great sport.

BOB GARRETT

Los Angeles

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg.,
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martinis dry!



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